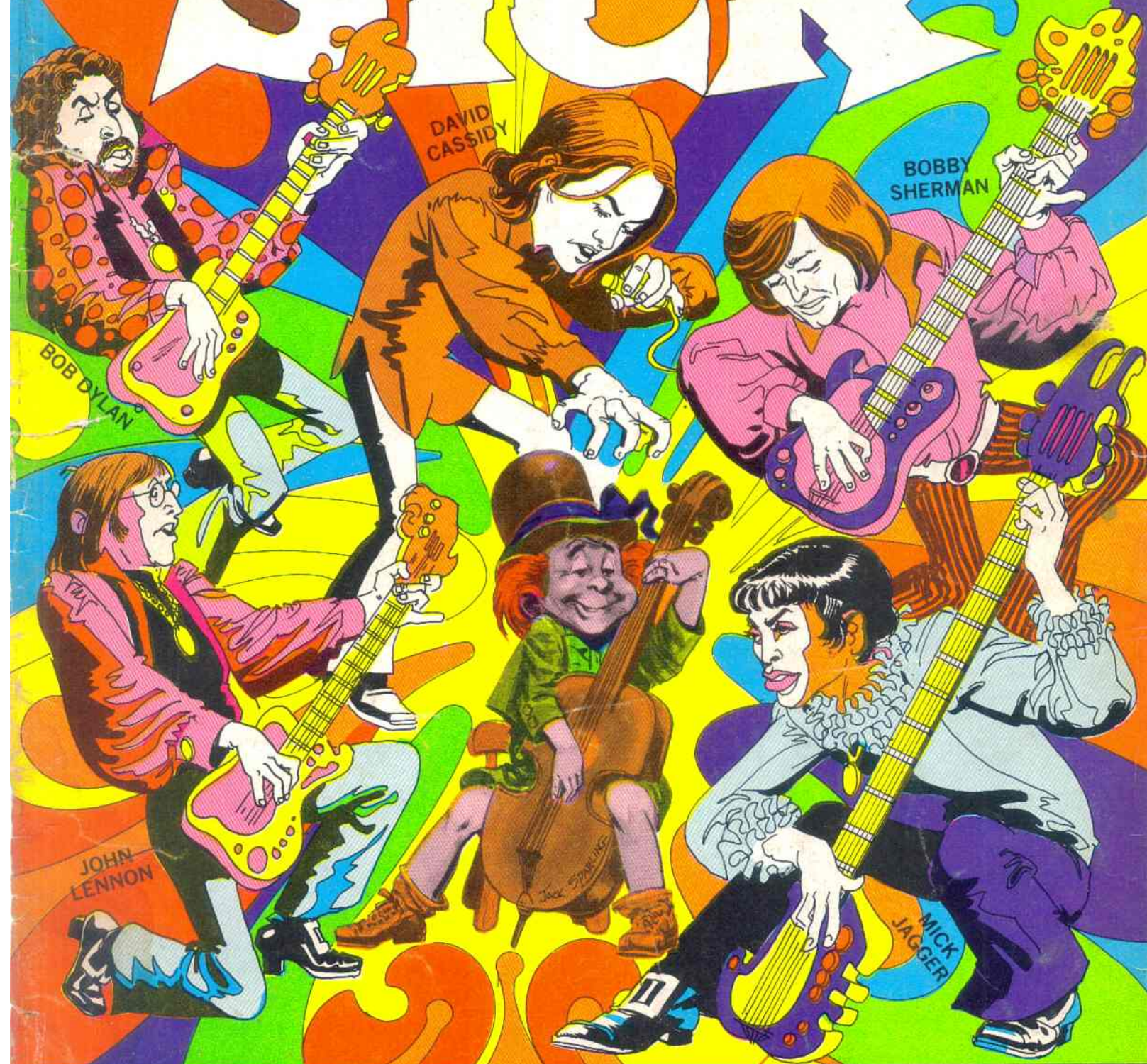


SUPER SWINGING SPECIAL

mac  
35¢  
MAY  
No. 83

# SICK



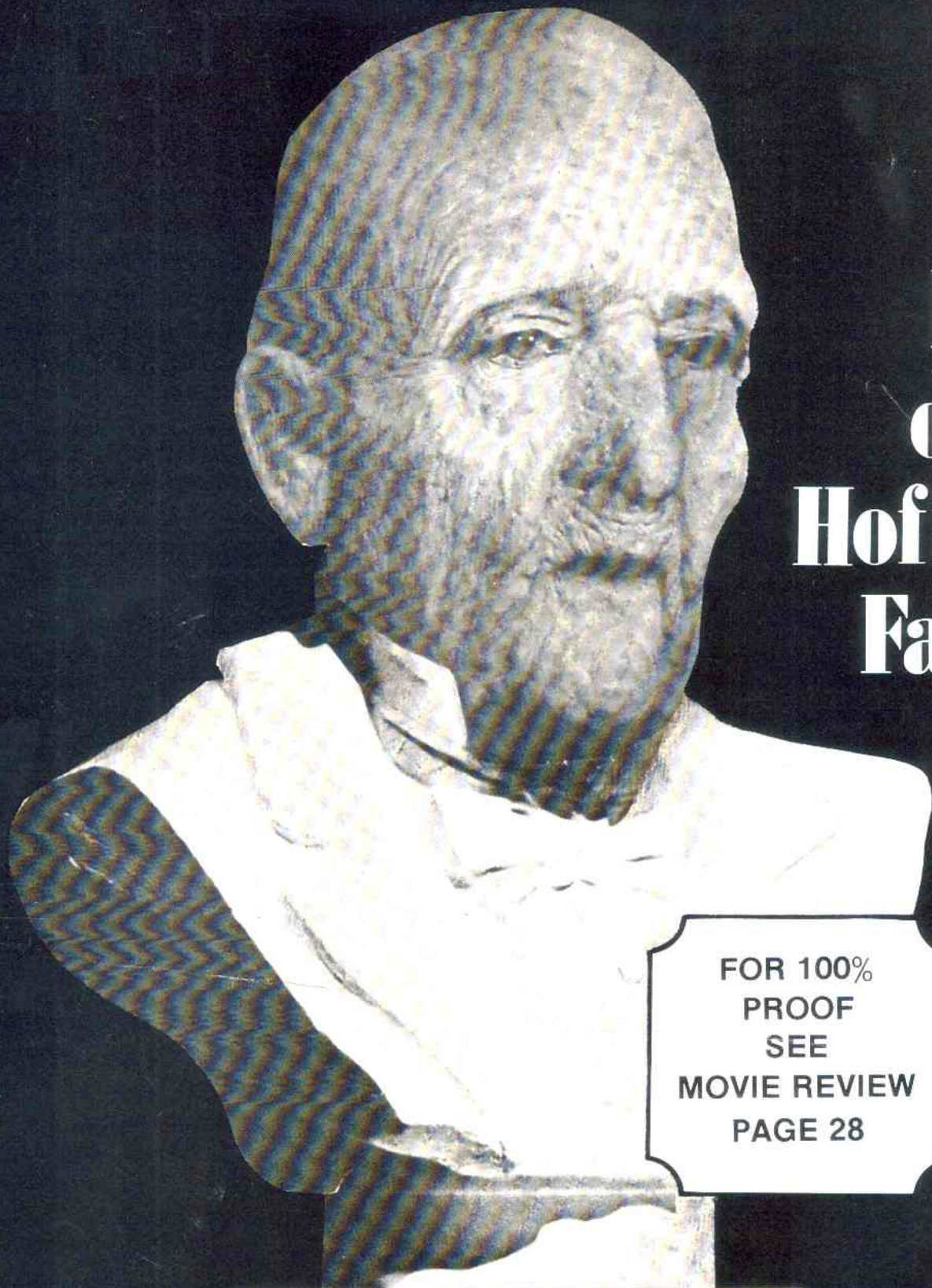
SCENE-SPLITTING TRIP:  
**HIPPIE COMMUNES**

GROOVIE MOVIE:  
**LITTLE PIG MAN**

MIND-BLOWING TEST  
**HOW SICK ARE YOU?**

ATOMIC COMIC:  
**DON RICKLES**





# Head of the Hoffman Family

FOR 100%  
PROOF  
SEE  
MOVIE REVIEW  
PAGE 28



Old Grand-Dustin  
Head of the Hoffman Family

# Old Grand-Dustin



# SICK

May 1971 No. 83 Volume 11 Number 3

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### ABOUT THE COVER

This month's Super Swinging Special Front Cover was painted by JACK SPARLING. As you can see, it's a departure from the covers we've been doing. What you didn't see was Jack Sparling's departure from our staff for doing it!

Editorial Director  
PHIL HIRSCH

Editor  
PAUL LAIKIN

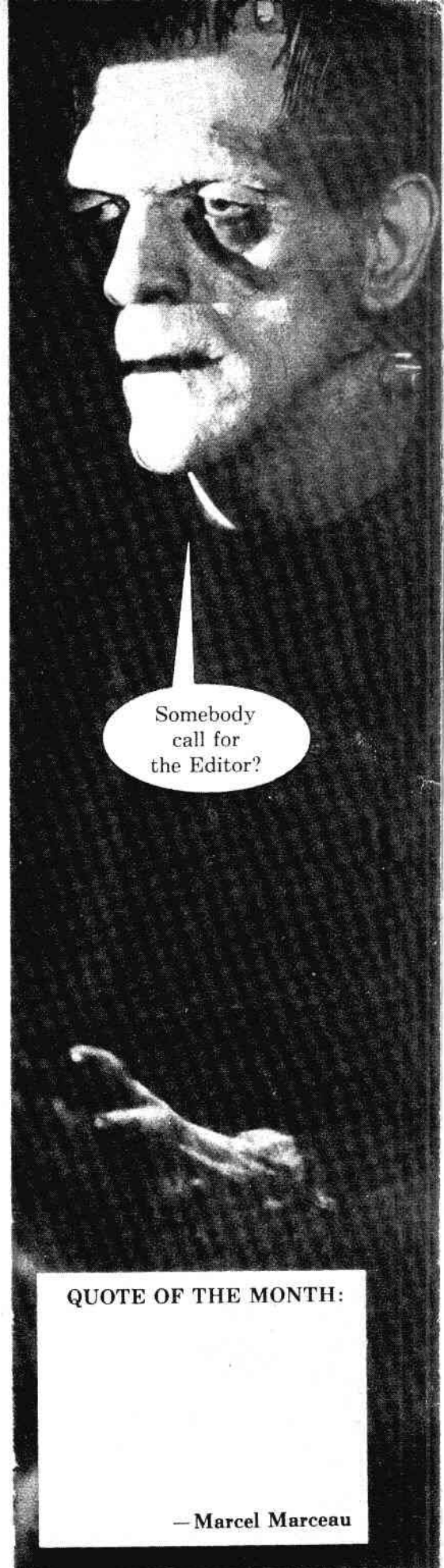
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Fred Wolfe, Bob Heit, Paul Lamont, Bill Quidort,  
Aron Mayer, Eden Norah, Gregg Axelrod

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### QUOTE OF THE MONTH:

—Marcel Marceau



DROP PAUL ANKA OFF THE SIDE OF A SHIP!

And to think I gave up the throne to marry this broad!



Sick  
Ya

...I think SICK is a really cool mag. It's a real gas. If you don't print this letter, I'll cry.

Fain Minton  
Owensboro, Ky.

If you don't stop writing letters on onion skin paper, WE'LL cry!

I had my father take a picture of me reading my favorite magazine, SICK. If you print it I'll buy a lot of copies.

Gregg Allen  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We'll do anything for a buck!

Our teachers are always telling us to stop reading SICK and pay attention to our school books. What should we do?

Chris McManus  
Ricky Scarfo  
Larry Henderson  
Mark Weaber

E. Northport, N.Y.

Listen to your teachers. We didn't and look where WE wound up!

...now that I've said what I wanted to say, I'd like to see you put this whole letter, without being rewritten into your own words, in your magazine. Ha!

Leslie Fournier  
Chicopee, Mass.

Next time don't write such long letters and we'll put it all in. And also, the same to you, Man!

In your February issue, I read the criticisms you made of some TV shows and almost fainted. How can you insult these programs when you can't do any better?

Jennifer Slater  
Kenmore, N.Y.

Why can't you be original and stop repeating what everybody else is saying?

I hung up your hang-up calendar and I still don't know what day it is

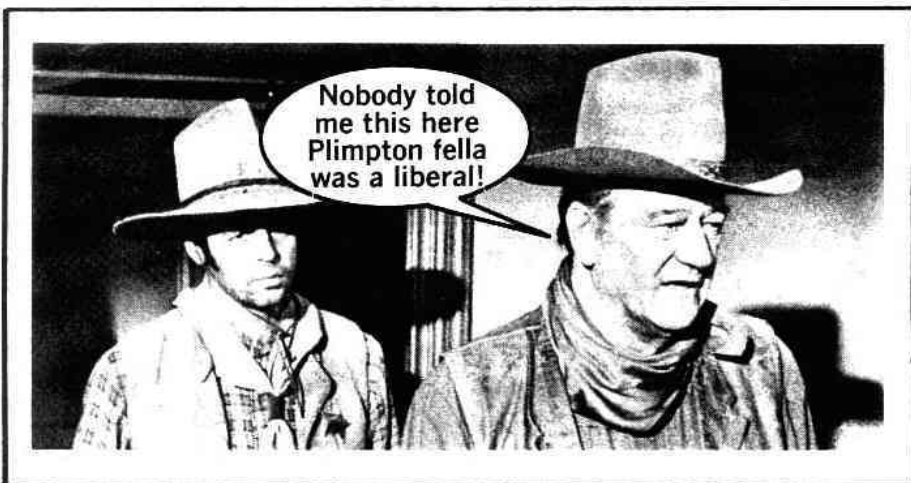


I hung up your hang-up calendar and I still don't know what day it is today...

Dale Stukey  
Long Beach, Cal.

It's a day you should see a psychiatrist!

THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN SMELLED OF HERRING!



Nobody told me this here Plimpton fella was a liberal!

#### RETAIL DISPLAY PROGRAM

Pyramid Publications is pleased to announce the adoption of a retail display program available to all retailers interested in earning a display allowance on those magazines participating in this plan. Under the plan, you will be permitted to select one or more of the following magazine titles, if desired: Sick Magazine, New Ideas For Hairstyling, New Ideas For Teens, Man's Magazine.

To obtain full details and a copy of the formal contract, please write to: Circulation Department, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

Under the retail display plan, in consideration of your acceptance and fulfillment of the terms of the formal contract to be sent to you upon request, you will receive a display allowance of ten percent (10%) of the cover price per copy sold by you. This plan will become effective as to all issues of magazine titles selected and delivered to you, subsequent to the date of the written acceptance of our display agreement when received and accepted by our national distributor, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation.



cerely  
ours:



LOU ALCINDOR DRIBBLES!

**WARNING:  
YOUR LOCAL  
POLICE  
ARE ARMED  
AND  
DANGEROUS!**

I thought your "School For Garbage-  
men" was a good autobiography of  
you...

Geoffrey Lederer  
Springfield, Mo.

And we thought it was a complete  
waste!

I am a 13-year old, 6-foot boy who  
would love all the girls to write to me.  
I have blonde hair and love cute girls  
from 11 on up.

Gary Strarup  
El Campo, Texas

O.K. Now tell us, what do you think  
of cute girls AFTER 11 o'clock?

I'm writing to show my distaste for  
your slur on Neanderthals in your  
September issue. You should apolo-  
gize to the United Cavemen Associa-  
tion!

James Nutter  
Lebanon, Oregon

We apologize. But what are you—  
some kind of a nutter?

I'd like to adopt the 1971 New Years  
Baby on the front cover of your Feb-  
ruary issue as a trademark for my-  
self because it looks just like me.

Beth Roberts  
Greensboro, N.C.

Permission granted. But only if you  
send us the same topless shot of YOU!

Thought your November issue was  
out of sight...

Walter Kosiba, Jr.  
Uxbridge, Mass.

It was. All the newsdealers hid it!

I think your article, "SICK Reviews  
The New TV Season," is really sick...

Bob Reichelt  
W. Springfield, Mass.

It should be. The article was doctored!





**ATTENTION MARTIANS:**  
There is no life on  
Earth as you know it!

# Sick Sick

—IN-SICK-NIFICANT



**Arizona:** Scandal hits Indian reservation. Teen-age brave arrested for sending obscene smoke signals.

**Washington:** Nudity in the news! Senator claims that sex has spread even to the entertainment on a plane. States the lawmaker: "You wouldn't believe those nude scenes I saw—between the pilot and the stewardess!" (Talk about your **friendly** skies!)

**Wall Street:** Idealism hits the Establishment. Young stock-broker gives up high-paying job to volunteer for work in public service. Spends all his time plugging up the holes in Phyllis Diller's "see-through" dresses.

**New Orleans:** Automation to the rescue! A poor office worker wanted a large family, but couldn't afford it. So he had one child and made five Xerox copies.

**United Nations:** International repercussions? Rumor has it that Twiggy is suing the U.N. for being declared an underdeveloped area.

**Chicago:** Local playboy explains reasons for his latest divorce: "My wife joined a kennel-club and won three blue ribbons—and she doesn't even own a dog!"

**Haight-Ashbury:** This way-out world. Two weird-looking guys with long beards registered in the same motel room as **Smith**. And when the house detective

broke in, he caught them in the act—they were making cough drops!

**Austria:** Famous Viennese psychologist Sigmund Froot gives advice to the love-lorn: "Remember, he who wears his heart on his sleeve, must be careful while wiping his nose!"

**Greenwich Village:** Who says it pays to be nice? A hippie got into big trouble by offering a vice-squad cop his sleeping bag for the night—her name was Zelda! (He's now doing five to ten.)

**Madison Avenue:** A consumer survey noted that sales of "Uncle Ben's" rice were falling off in white sections down South, until they changed the name to "Uncle Tom."

**Amalgamated Press:** Flash! Rumor has it that Martin Bormann is organizing a Panzer division in Argentina. He heard that big bands are coming back!

**Berkeley:** Campus cut-ups. A female art student was so strongly influenced by Van Gogh, that when her boy-friend asked for her hand—she mailed it to him!

**Iowa:** Did justice triumph? A man was arrested just because his dog was chewing on a bone. Unfortunately, it was still attached to the mailman's leg.

**San Francisco:** There's one born every minute. When asked if he'd like a good seat to see "Hair," a fellow

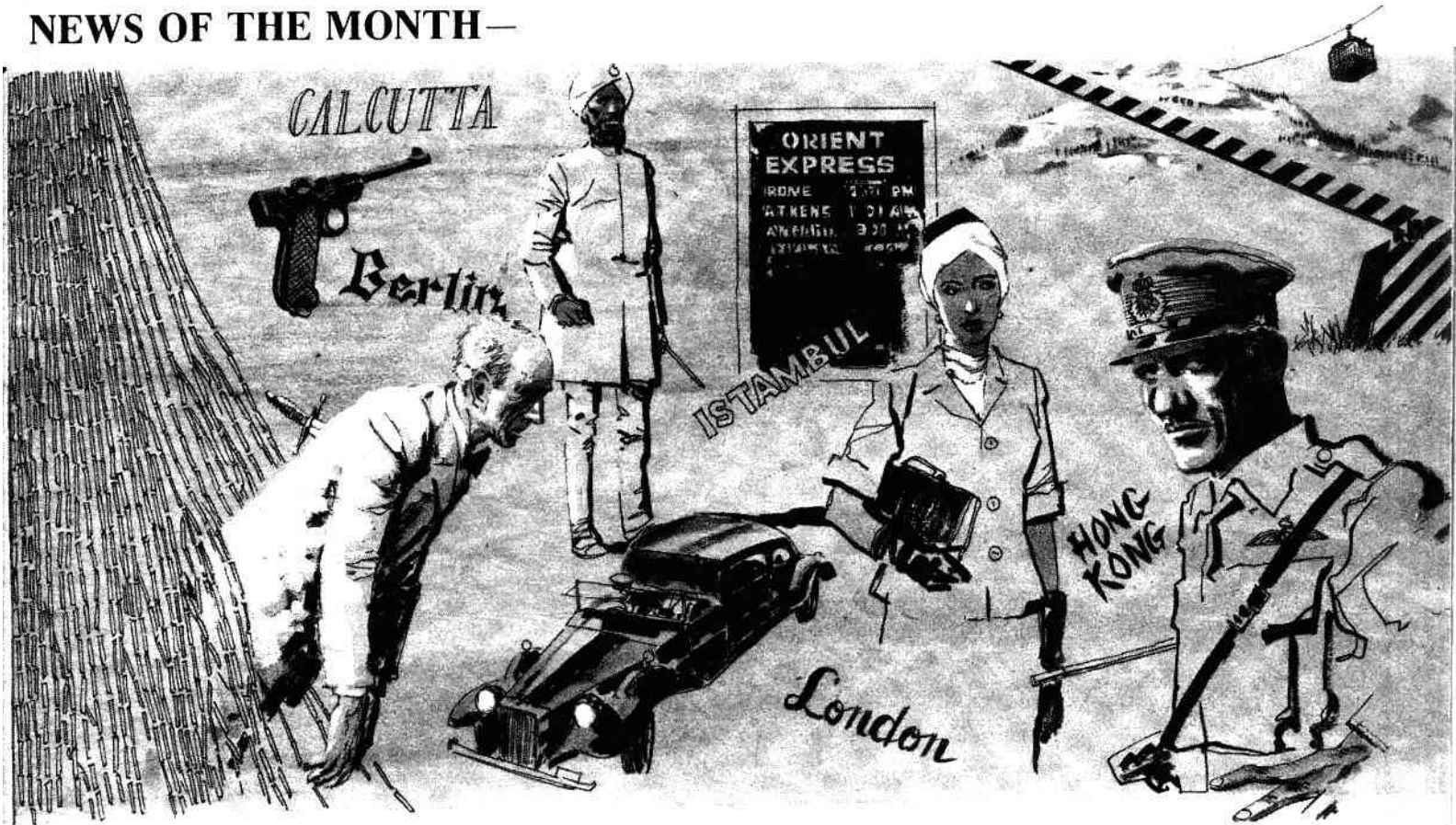


# World

by  
FRED WOLFE

"Those wedding bells  
are breaking up that  
old gang of mine!"  
— POPE PAUL

## NEWS OF THE MONTH—



slipped a scalper 16 bucks—and ended up in a barber-shop.

**St. Louis:** An executive of a new low-priced non-scheduled airline was asked the difference between first class and economy flights, and replied: "With first class, you get to ride **inside!**" However, things are looking up for the airlines. A guy got on a flight—left the plane—and hijacked the stewardess.

**Atlanta:** Much-married heir, Humphrey Hotbottom, says that this time it's the real thing: "The first time I kissed my wife, I heard bells ring—she was a sparring partner in a gym!"

**Detroit:** Today, Ralph Nader came up with a sure-fire way to prevent your car from being stolen—sell it!

**Sing Sing:** It Ain't Necessarily So Department: When they strapped a convict into the electric chair, his last words were: "Who says seatbelts save lives?"

**Mayo Clinic:** A leading physician states: "With all those chemicals they're putting in food, you don't know what kind of dangerous side-effects you'll get. A friend of mine ate some **converted** rice, and overnight, he changed from a Jew to a Catholic!"

**Las Vegas:** Talk about your phenomenal luck! A young girl was working a machine all day, and every five minutes she came up with three lemons or three

oranges. Didn't win a dime. She was a waitress at Nedick's!

**New York City:** The age of specialization has taken over. There's a mugger going around town wearing a surgical mask—he only robs doctors!

**Encino:** Education note. Sex Education is making schizophrenics out of parents. They worry if their kids flunk, and they worry even more if they pass.

**Fire Island:** Liberace cast the deciding vote on the town council that will permit local cops to direct traffic with a wand.

**Broadway:** A shapely young lady had her clothes torn off, was stripped nude and forced to display herself on 42nd street, but made no complaint. She was auditioning for a role in "Oh! Calcutta!"

**Palm Beach:** Now It Comes Out Dep't.: The guy who taught Spiro Agnew to play golf is the same one who writes his speeches!

**San Francisco:** Abbie Hoffman surprised everybody by going down to his Draft Board to volunteer. But they turned him down. They said they had enough men working on the Draft Board.

**Philadelphia:** Flash! Moderate student protesters of the Vietnam War are **boiling** their draft cards!

HOWARD HUGHES IS OUT OF SIGHT



Have you noticed how hippies have gotten weirder and weirder lately? In trying to outdo each other, they've really gone way way out. In fact, a lot of them have become real freaks. So, like, you should know who's who and recognize them, we've come up with...

# SICK'S GUIDE TO

as conceived by HOWARD TAYLOR



IRONSIDES WHEELCHAIR HAS TRAINING WHEELS!



# HIPPIE FREAKS

**A** is for Acne  
Boils, warts and pimples,  
They've got 'em all over  
Even in dimples.

**B** is for Bread  
Mazuma and loot  
They get by without it  
They don't give a hoot.

**C** is for Crud  
They collect it with pride  
They throw it from rooftops  
And then run and hide.

**D** is for Drugs  
They're high as the sky  
Without any wings, Man,  
They really do fly.

**E** is for Establishment  
The scene they hate most  
They'd like to destroy it  
From pillar to post.

**F** is for Freak-Out  
At rock scenes and festivals  
They let it all hang out  
From crannies and vestibules.

**G** is for Guru  
High Priest with a beard  
He is their leader  
But he too is weird.

**H** is for Hallucinate  
In which the mind blows  
They sit and they ponder  
Their navels and toes.

**I** is for Individualism  
The non-conventional game  
Each tries to be different  
But all look the same.

**J** is for Junk  
Any pill that's in reach  
These dudes'll smoke anything  
From pot to hashish.

**K** is for kicks  
Real weird kooky action  
Some leap out of windows  
And wind up in traction.

**L** is for Love Beads  
Sandals and sacks  
They wear 'em at Love-Ins  
While flat on their backs.

**M** is for Maniacs  
They're pretty wild freaks  
They should be in circuses  
Working as geeks.

**N** is for Non-Violent  
Peace is their lot  
They hold demonstrations  
In which they get shot.

**O** is for Orgy  
They get in the swing  
They don't need a date  
They do their own thing.

**P** is for Pimples  
They itch and they're smellers  
The girls they all have 'em  
And so do the fellers.

**Q** is for Queer  
Some of them swish  
When they stand together  
Can't tell which is which.

**R** is for Riots  
Which the hippie freak digs  
He can throw all his garbage  
On fuzz and on pigs.

**S** is for Sick  
When you don't feel so hot  
These are the times  
That you didn't go to pot.

**T** is for Trip  
Which takes all the meek out  
But they go too far  
And really do freak out.

**U** is for Uptight  
Real strung out and bugged  
The only time they're not  
Is when they are drugged.

**V** is for Vomit  
It's good for the soul  
They say it looks groovy  
On a rich lady's stole.

**W** is for Weirdo  
Their whole stock in trade  
The weirder you look  
The more you got it made.

**X** is for eX-hibitionism  
They're see-thru-clothes-riden  
The way they dress now  
Leaves nothing un-hidden.

**Y** is for Yogi  
A cat on a kick  
With all his contortions  
He's gotta be sick.

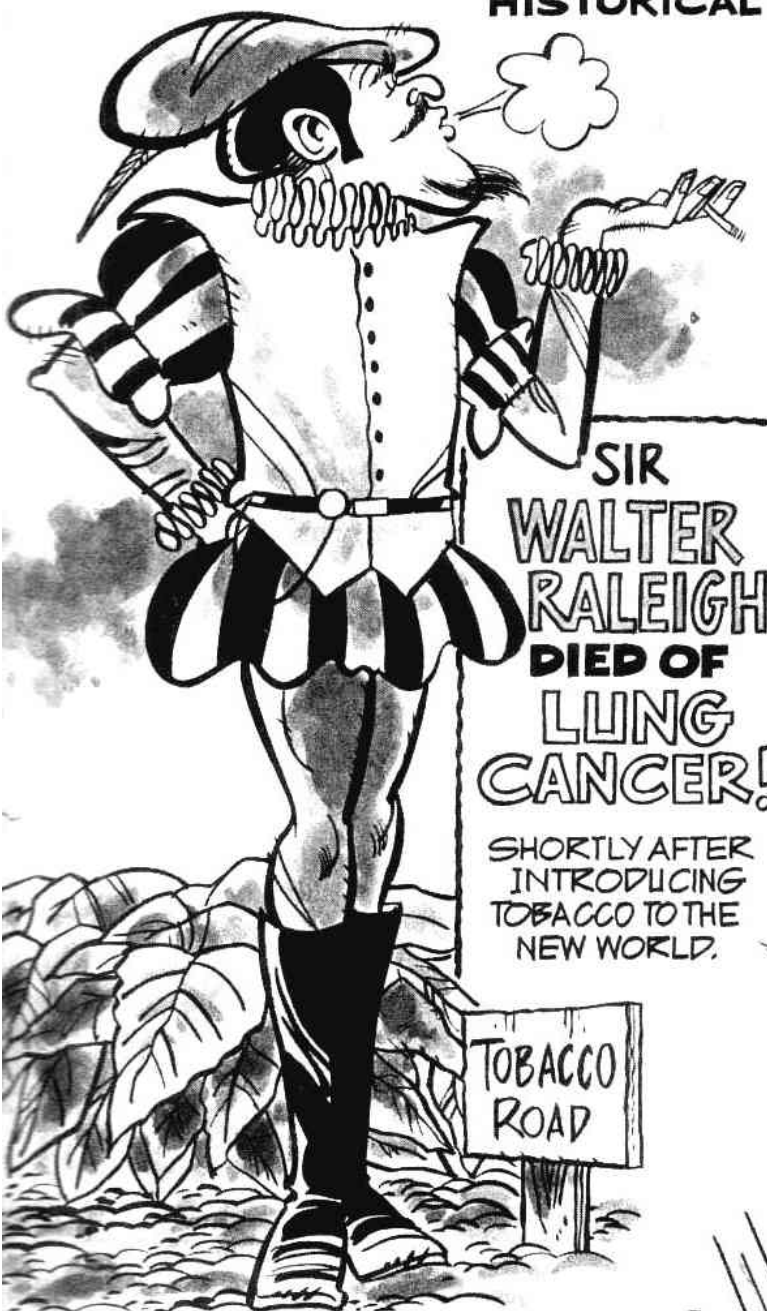
**Z** is for Zen  
And heavy concentration  
They all sit and meditate  
Then blow up the nation!





# SICK AS IT SEEMS

HISTORICAL ODDITIES



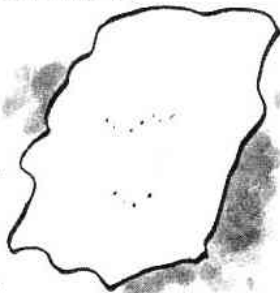
**SIR  
WALTER  
RALEIGH  
DIED OF  
LUNG  
CANCER!**

SHORTLY AFTER  
INTRODUCING  
TOBACCO TO THE  
NEW WORLD.

TOBACCO  
ROAD

**GOD CREATED THE  
POTATO CHIP!**

ONLY HE  
COULDN'T  
STOP AT ONE,  
SO HE  
CREATED  
ANOTHER...  
AND ANOTHER...



**CONFUCIUS HAD  
A BIG MOUTH!**

漱牙口!

(THIS ACCOUNTED  
FOR HIS MANY  
SAYINGS.)



**LADY GODIVA'S HORSE  
MADE A PILE ON  
WALL ST.!**

AND FOR YEARS  
HIS FRIENDS  
CLEANED UP  
AFTER HIM!



**RICHARD THE  
LION-HEARTED**

WAS THE  
WORLDS' FIRST  
HEART  
TRANSPLANT

FLUSH THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL!



WHICH CREATED A BIG  
ROAR IN ENGLAND AT  
THE TIME!

LANGTON



Along with soap operas, old movies and last year's reruns, daytime TV is the scene of yet another important form of programming—the game show. This is very popular with both young and old alike. And so, to see what makes these shows tick, SICK sent its roving reporter, Aron Mayer, to the actual taping of one of the more successful game shows on the air today. Here then is the report he brought back as...

# SICK VISITS A TYPICAL TV GAME SHOW

The Who, What or Where Game\*

Hi there, my name is Art James, and here's how we play our game. The rules are simple: Each of our 3 players has \$125 to bet on 10 different categories that make up 1 of our 5 weekly shows. Each category has 3 different parts—who, what or where—with 3 different odds on each, like 2 to 1, 4 to 1 and so on.

Each player declares which part he's going for. For example, Player 1 bets 30 at 4 to 1 on What. Player 2 bets 60 at 3 to 1 on Where. And Player 3 bets 85 at 10 to 1 on Who. Got it so far?


Now... if 2 or 3 of our players bet the same amount on the same category it goes to auction. For example, if Players 2 and 3 bet 35 at 6 to 1 on What, then they... they just... they...

Oh, never mind, **forget it!** I can never remember these rules anyway. So let's get on with the game. Our first category is... **FAMOUS HIMALAYAN MONKS!**

I'll bet \$35 on WHO... and a quarter on the side to make it interesting!

Give me WHAT for \$60... and hurry, I'm on another show in 20 minutes!

I'll take WHERE for \$82.50... only 'cause I don't know WHY!



O.K. now... POT LUCK!  
You can bet all you have on  
our final category... ET-  
RUSCAN MYTHOLOGY!  
What am I bet?

Think I  
should tell 'em  
we've been off  
the air eighteen  
minutes?

WHO  
for  
\$1,275!

WHAT  
for  
\$8,843!

HOW COME  
for  
\$1.98!

On the air only a relatively short time, The WHO, WHAT or WHERE Game is already firmly entrenched as the Number 3 top game show on the NBC schedule. Even its parlor-game version, which you can pick up at most toy or department stores, is selling like crazy. The idea for the show was created out of the mind of its Executive Producer, Ron Greenberg, who also produced such memorable game shows as Let's Play Post Office, Reach For The Stars, Dream House and dozens of others. What makes the WWW Game success-

ful is that its premise appeals to a basic human instinct, the gambling one. This, coupled with the need to gather information. It seems that the more basic a need a game show satisfies, the more lasting its appeal. There are shows on the air right now that thrive on greed and lust and, to some degree, sin. About the only thing left for the future are game shows premised on the most basic of human situations. Real slice-of-life stuff. Realism carried to its infinite degree. And so, SICK makes the prediction...

**IF THE TREND CONTINUES,  
WE MAY SOON BE SEEING  
MORE REALISTIC TV GAME  
SHOWS LIKE . . .**



# THE NEW MEDICAL GAME SHOW GUESS THE OPERATION

Script by Don Segall

Art by Jack Sparling

THE MAFIA IS ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT!

Hi out there, my name is Johnny Cussin'! Welcome to *GUESS THE OPERATION* —the game show in which you can win the *operation of your choice* if you stump our panel, who will try to guess what kind of an operation is being performed *right here on our stage!*...

In just 60 seconds our team of surgeons will be performing a *real live operation* right before your eyes. The panelist who thinks he knows *what for*, presses the buzzer and takes a guess. If he answers *correctly*, the patient will be removed and *another* brought in. If *nobody* guesses correctly, the viewer who sent in the idea for this operation wins a *whole barrage of exciting prizes* to be announced. O.K. everybody? Ready... get set...

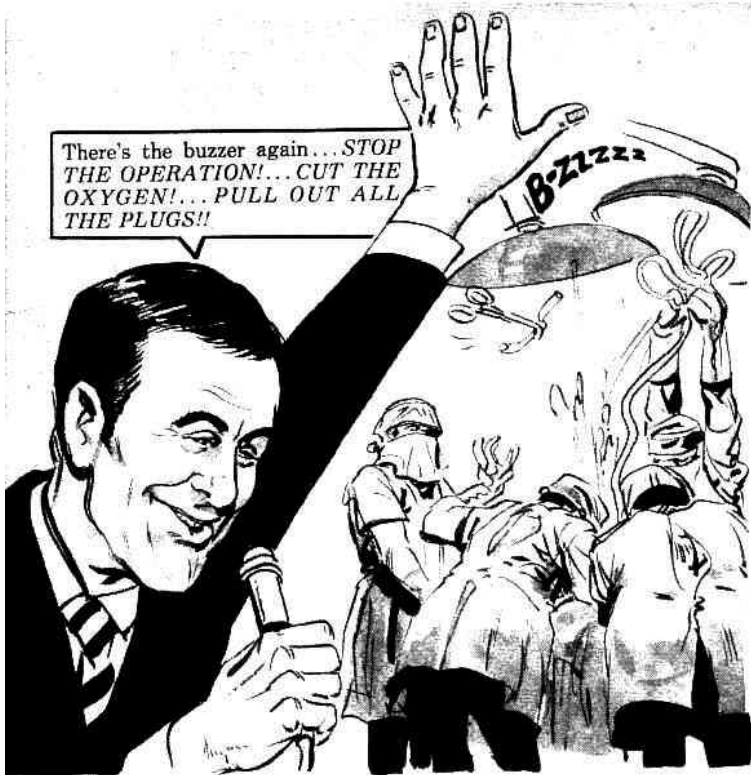


SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HERNIA FOUNDATION!





There's the buzzer again... **STOP THE OPERATION!... CUT THE OXYGEN!... PULL OUT ALL THE PLUGS!!**



Panelist Number Three... **GUESS THE OPERATION!**

Prostate Gland!

I'm sorry, but that's a *wrong* guess!



None of our panelists have guessed it... so let's hold up the card and see the answer! And the answer is...



... a **TONSIL** operation!

Oh, no! I was going to say that!

How stupid of me!

He needed it like a *hole* in the head!



I'm sorry, panelists, you failed to guess it so Mrs. Verna Klotz of Jersey City, who sent in the idea for this operation wins the operation of her choice! Plus these *fabulous* prizes...

... an exciting weekend for two at any city hospital... a brand-new 1971 Iron Lung... a portable oxygen tent with Miami air inside... a complete line of the latest bedpans... and a year's subscription to *SICK!*

Tune in tomorrow for another fun-packed life-and-death struggle on America's zaniest new game show... **GUESS THE OPERATION!**

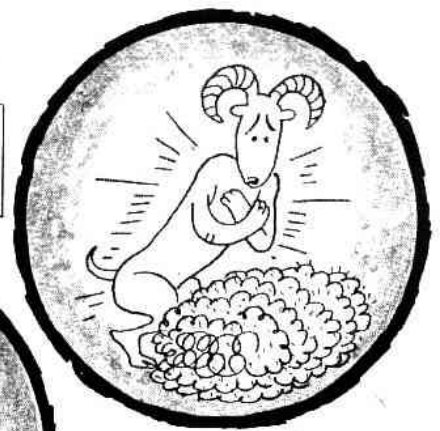


An ideal month for travel. Start by going to Mexico and drinking the water. Then ride in an open Volkswagen thru the streets of Tel Aviv. Walk off the plane in Moscow holding a camera. Take a weekend vacation in Hanoi. Go to Peking and tell them Chiang-Kai-Shek sent you. Rent a bungalow in the Okefenokee Swamp. In between you might hijack Air Force 1.

Discover new foods this month. Go in a forest and eat exotic-looking mushrooms. Walk into a Jewish Delicatessen and order pastrami on date-nut bread. In between, nibble on ten-day old bread. Eat a big can of tuna fish. Open up a box of cyclamates. Wash it all down with a quart of Sneaky Pete. To top it all off, you should start smoking again. Non-filtered cigarettes.



**PISCES**  
Feb. 19-March 20



**ARIES**  
March 21-April 19

The month for fresh air and exercise. First take a good whiff of New York City air. Then go for a swim in the Hudson River. After that, jog across Fifth Avenue during the Lunch Hour. Finally, get yourself a rubdown by a masseur whose wrists limp. Now you're ready for some real exercise. Go take a long walk off a short pier.



**AQUARIUS**  
Jan. 20-Feb. 18

**CAPRICORN**  
Dec. 22-Jan. 19



The month to try new things. Fly a kite in a thunderstorm. Walk under a ladder in a cement factory. Light a match to examine a gas tank. Shave with a rusty blade. Dive into a vat of Jergens' Lotion and soften away. Walk along a railroad track. Steal a famous painting from a museum and then try to sell it. Last of all, don't cheat on your Income Tax.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
Nov. 22-Dec. 21



The offbeat is this month's theme. Go sell Angela Davis a ticket to the Policeman's Ball. Walk into an Antique Store and say, "What's New?" Buy Polaroid stock, hold it for ten seconds, then sell. Get a job as window-cleaner in a submarine. Or night watchman in a Day Camp. Or social director on a tugboat. Finally, join the B'nai B'rith and the Ku-Klux-Klan at the same time.

The month to assert yourself. Go over and call Joe Frazier chicken. Then call Muhammad Ali "Whitey." Knock on Frank Sinatra's hotel room door and complain about the noise. Go to the aid of a mugging victim in a dark alley. Take the bull by the horns, even tho' you find you can't get milk that way. Finally, when the holdup man asks for your money—don't give it to him.

Horoscopes  
to show people  
win in the game  
there are so many  
figure somewhere in  
signs that govern their

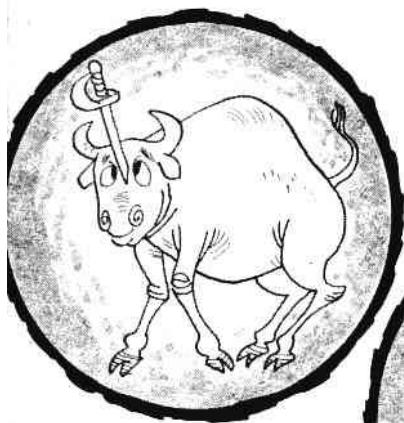
# HORO FOR L

Script by  
JOE KIERNAN

**SCORPIO**  
Oct. 23-Nov. 21

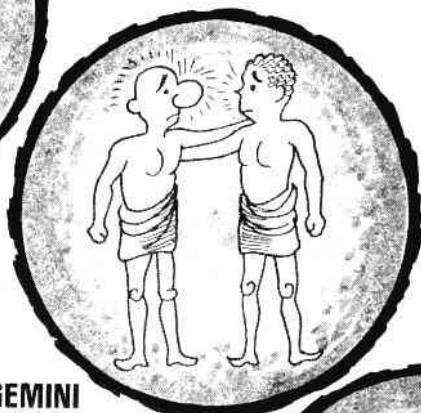






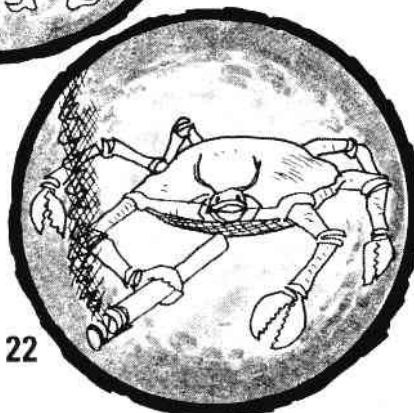
**TAURUS**  
April 20-May 20

A good month for business. Go out and buy 30 shares of Edsel. Also Trans-Cuban Airline. Invest in color radio. Buy up 1952 Calendars in case that year ever comes back. You might also buy up land in the Florida Everglades. Open up a chain of empty stores. After it's all over, relax. Take an ocean voyage. Book passage on the Andrea Doria.



**GEMINI**  
May 21-June 20

This is the month to live dangerously. Take a stroll thru Central Park at night. In the daytime, stroll thru Harlem wearing a Maddox button. Go to Texas and put yourself in protective custody of the Dallas Police. In Washington, D.C., sit in the balcony of the Ford's Theatre on Lincoln's Birthday. Then play Russian Roulette with six cartridges.



**CANCER**  
June 21-July 22

This month is one for pleasure. Start by traveling with the upper set—the lower set leave home in a glass of water. Be seen in all the best places by joining a Nudist Camp. Make a date with Phyllis Diller. Get kissed on the cheek by a Mafia chieftain. Make an obscene phone call to J. Edgar Hoover. Dress up in a blue suit, blue tie, blue hat, blue coat, brown shoes.



**LEO**  
July 23-August 22

The friendship month. Invite your mother-in-law for the week. Help an old lady across the street—even if she doesn't want to go. Make friends with the teenage gang coming at you from the alley. Rescue a puppy in the middle of the street and get arrested for jaywalking. Finally, get a fur coat for your wife. Or some other trade such as that.

**VIRGO**  
August 23-Sept. 22



The age of new adventures. Park your new car in the ghetto section of town. Have thieves steal your car but leave your hubcaps. Buy that mink stole from the guy in the alley. Don't pay your loan shark back. Fail your Wasserman Test. Go to the zoo and feed the pigeons—to the lions. Burn your draft card—while it's in the office of your Draft Board.

**LIBRA**  
Sept. 23-Oct. 22



This is the month to buy things. Go out window shopping and buy three windows. Buy up Bert Parks recordings. Buy this month's winning lottery ticket, but lose it an hour before the drawing. Get on a neat kick and buy a lot of newspapers to put under the cuckoo clock. Finally, buy yourself a strait-jacket. To pay for all this, try borrowing money from a friend.

END

are always  
how to written  
of life. But since  
losers around, we  
the stars there are  
lives. Like maybe this...

# SCOPE LOSERS

Art by  
TONY TALLARICO

# PROFILE: Don Rickles

TINY TIM IS A MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITE SEX!



Whattaya lookin' at, dummy?  
Whattaya readin' this garbage for? Huh, dummy? Go to your room! You're really sick!



DON RICKLES is a unique phenomenon in show business. Master of the "put-on insult" he has few peers as a laugh-getter. Very few comedians, if any, would dare engage in a battle of wits with him. His rapid-fire trigger-mind cannot be matched and you might as well just sit back and take it with a laugh. Which is what everybody does.

Although most of his remarks are ad-libbed, Don has a few "stock" insults which he frequently uses, and which are his favorites. For example, he will ask somebody in the audience his name and while the poor guy is hesitating, not knowing what to say, Don will blurt out: "What's the matter, these toughies for you?" Or "Dummy, look at the name tag in your underwear!"

He sometimes asks a woman in the audience how many children she has and when she answers "Three" he yells "Wrong!" When somebody says they're from a small town like Ferguson, Iowa—Don will say: "I'll make you feel at home, SCUDDA-HAY, SCUDDA-HO!" Or sometimes: "Saturday night in Ferguson—Let's go down and watch the A&P truck unloading, Leo!"

Don's special targets are celebrities, some of whom he has razed unmercilessly. To Ricardo Montalban he said: "Don't stand so close to me. The flies!" To Rossano Brazzi he has uttered: "Are my shoes ready? All I needed were heels!" And to Johnny Carson he

remarked: "I spoke to your mother in Nebraska, you haven't been sending the checks lately!"

Don's concluding remarks, usually in his nightclub turn, are equally as offensive. He winds up his act by saying, "I don't mean to offend anyone in the audience because of race or religion. I love all people. I don't care what a person's denomination is, I love them all. The Irish, the Jews, the Polish, the Puerto Ricans. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Well, maybe not the Puerto Ricans." Strangely enough, no one is offended and everybody goes away loving Don.

Born in New York on May 8, 1926, Don Rickles started out to become a serious actor, but soon found that he could generate big laughs. After a few inauspicious roles, he decided to switch to stand-up comedy. He first came into prominence in 1957 at the Sahara Lounge in Las Vegas. There he was discovered by a "horde" of celebrities which led to an appearance on the Johnny Carson show. He was so fantastic he became the most requested performer on that program.

Despite a short-lived series on ABC-TV, Don Rickles has proved to everyone what a multi-talented performer he is. Married to a girl named Barbara Sklar, Don has two children and relaxes by playing golf. You'll be hearing a lot about Don Rickles in the future. As if you're not hearing a little too much from him now!



Here's a real collector's item for you. **Trash** collector, that is. It's a rare document we turned up in Bavaria recently. Not Bavaria in Germany. Bavaria, a small town in **Argentina**. Where else, when it's called...

# THE ADOLF HITLER SONG BOOK



Heil Be Seeing You

Berlin' The Jack

Purge Of My Heart

Dancing Czech To Czech

Let's Go Deutsch Treat

Cookin' With Gas

U-Boat Your Life

Oh, My Achtung Back

I Love Those Dear Hearts And German People

Goering To Know You

Frankfort And Johnnie

Ho, Ho, That's Reich

Strike Up The Bund

Blowin' Our Axis

Fuehrer Me And My Gal

De CampBurn Races

God Blitz America

**... and other big Nazi hits!**

**THERE'S NO FUEHRER LIKE OUR FUEHRER**  
(sung to "There's No Business Like Show Business")

There's no Fuehrer like our Fuehrer  
Like no Fuehrer I know  
Everything about him was appealing  
Everything his troopers would allow  
If he were back we'd all be out invading  
Another country, right now.  
There's no leader like our leader  
He'd dance, when he conquered France,  
Once a month he'd line his staff  
Against the wall  
Then they would fall, he'd have a ball,  
But when we served our Fuehrer  
We were ten-feet tall  
So let's get on with the show!



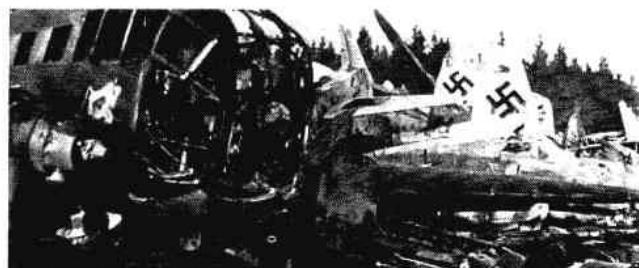
**IT'S GETTING TO BE A BLITZKREIG WITH ME**  
(sung to "It's Getting To Be A Habit With Me")

Every country we took  
It was like a storybook  
It'd gotten to be a blitzkreig with me  
One by one they just fell  
Things were going very well  
It'd gotten to be a blitzkreig with me.  
Then all at once they stopped  
Playing our song  
First Monty at Alamein  
And then at Stalingrad  
The Fuehrer went wrong  
And we went down the drain.  
Then the Yanks made the scene  
Which we thought was real mean  
On D-Day they came  
The Allied Infantry  
And then we lost each country  
One by one  
It's getting to be a blitzkreig on me!



**HELLO, JURY!**  
(sung to "Hello, Dolly!")

Hello, Jury!  
Well, hello, Jury!  
We're not guilty so, like,  
Why'd you bring us here?  
We don't know from slaughters  
We just followed orders  
And that Adolf clown's the one  
To blame, he was so queer.  
Man, there are none purer  
But, like, our Fuehrer  
Did commit the world's worst sin,  
He didn't win!—So—  
We are not guilty  
If you say so you are filthy  
So just find us innocent  
And blame that weirdo Adolf gent  
Jury, don't you lay that blame on me!



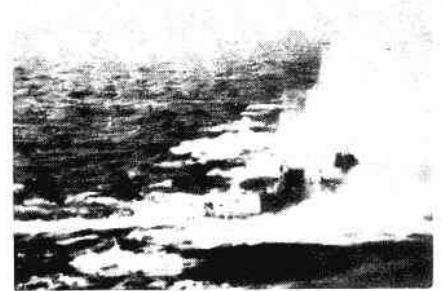
**THE LUTWAFLE IS A FLOP**  
(sung to "The Lady Is A Tramp")

We flew to Belgium  
Our bombs there to drop  
Hit them in Holland  
Till they hollered "Stop!"  
In Rotterdam we blew  
Every rooftop  
And yet the Lutwaffe is a flop!  
In our cute Stukas  
We'd blast-off in France  
And open cities  
That hadn't a chance  
Hit smaller nations  
We beat off their pants  
And yet the Lutwaffe is a flop!  
We got those small fry out of our hair  
But one didn't scare  
Win-nie, was he.  
The R.A.F. blew  
Our Lutwaffe's top  
That's why the Lutwaffe is a flop!



**ONCE IN LOVE WITH ADOLF**  
(sung to "Once In Love With Amy")

Once in love with Adolf  
Always in love with Adolf  
He's a doll, a sweetheart,  
Really is a good man,  
A gross misunderstood man, is he.  
Adolf loves the people  
All the Chosen People  
Sick ones and the well ones  
Never has them suffer  
He puts them out of their ol' misery.  
I never was a fickle-hearted Nazi  
Who'd blow cold and hot, see,  
While in the clink I chanced to think  
It over, and over, and still I'm sold!  
Once in love with Adolf  
Always in love with Adolf  
Don't believe the hear-say,  
He has some good ideas, see,  
Like making soap from your dear ol' behind  
So how come all the doctors say  
I'm off my mind?



**U-BOATS**  
(sung to "Heartaches")

U-Boats, U-Boats,  
Just in my bathtub I sail U-Boats  
I swear we never even sank one ship  
Those crews you say we drowned  
I'm sure just took a dip.  
U-Boats, U-Boats,  
Our sailors never went on U-Boats  
You're misinformed  
I swear by Goebbel's truss  
If you blame U-Boats on us!

**IN THE CAMP WHERE YOU LIVE**  
(sung to "On The Street Where You Live")

<p>I have often walked Through those camps before But I didn't know that Ilsa Made those lamps before When I asked "What cooks?" I got dirty looks So forgive, I'm a clod, Let me live. I have often seen People shot before But I never stopped to Ask myself "For what?" before At the time I thought "My, what healthy sport!" So forgive, I'm a klutz, Let me live.</p>	<p>And oh!—those overworked chimneys How I laughed at all those Gas jokes I'd ask "Are those chimneys for Santa?" And they would answer "Santa just went up in smoke!" I had never thought People came to harm They were thin, but so are Women on a diet farm What is that you state? They lost <b>all</b> their weight From the camp where you live? Please forgive.</p>
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**BLUES FROM THE FIGHT**  
(sung to "Blues In The Night")

Mein Fuehrer done told me  
When I was in Youth Camp  
Mein Fuehrer done told me "Son!  
The world is a big place  
And we'll rule it some day  
But now the fighting is done  
We're flat on our Axis  
We haven't a thing  
He's left us to sing  
But blues from the fight.  
Now the curtain's falling  
Adolf hear me calling 'Hooey!'"  
(Mein fuehrer done told me)  
We would be the masters  
But you brought disasters "Hooey!"  
Seig Hooey! Seig Hooey!  
He got on this kick  
Thought Russia he'd lick  
Mein Fuehrer—  
Hooboy, was he sick!

FOR FAST RELIEF FROM HEADACHE



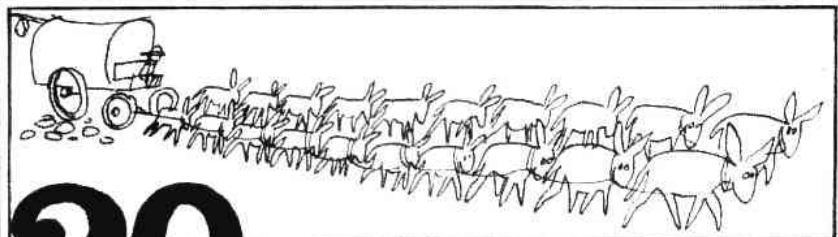
NAME ONE PERSON ROBIN HOOD EVER GAVE MONEY TO!



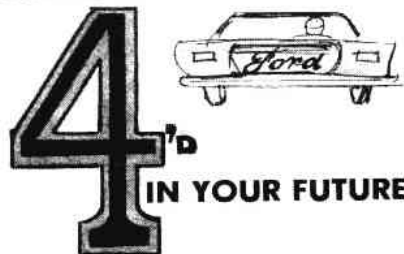
Madison Avenue is always on the lookout for new places to advertise. Already we have ads on matchbook covers, shopping bags, lamp-posts, etc. There's one area, however, that hasn't been touched. Just think of all the people Madison Avenue would get to, if they had...

# ADVERTIS

STILL NO.



THERE'S A



CONTACT







# ING ON POSTAGE STAMPS



DAH HUNG OUT WITH A BUNCH OF ANIMALS!

Script by EDEN NORAH

Art by ARNOLD FRANCHIONI



Although some skeptics are saying that America is going through a recession, we disagree. Study the following Press Releases and draw your own conclusions, for example, as to . . .

# HOW DIFFERENT INSTITUTIONS ARE FIGHTING UNEMPLOY- MENT

by  
**MIKE ENDLER**  
and  
**MIKE WEINBERGER**

## NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

### PRESS RELEASE

Besides hiring the standard 40-man teams, coaching staffs, and front office executives, the N.F.L. has established many new job positions to help combat unemployment.

1. WATERBOYS WANTED. Waterboys will now come from the ranks of the unemployed. The age limit will be from 30 years and go up to a mandatory retirement age of 80.

All applicants must have some knowledge of water and must be good mixers. Unemployed bartenders need not apply.

2. SHORT TWINS OR TINY TRIPLETS WANTED. We have openings inside the big bear that runs up and down the sideline in Chicago. This position was left vacant when the Mangy twins expired during an inspiring half-time show called "Klondike U.S.A." First, the band formed a pack of wolves. Then, they ate the band's leader, gobbled up the bear and wiped out the entire end zone card section.

NOTE: The Mangy twins did not become Mangy until their second week inside the bear.

3. HANDICAPPED WANTED. We have openings for the handicapped. We need one one-fingered place kick holder, one one-legged place kick kicker, and three high-handicapped golfers to join the Commissioner for his Sunday afternoon golf foursome.



# GENERAL MOTORS

## PUBLIC RELATIONS BULLETIN

Although we are laying people off right and left and cutting back production drastically, it is not because our profits are down or that people are not buying cars. It is for the good of the nation. We do not look at layoffs as putting hungry families out of work. We look at layoffs as fighting inflation. Remember, for every one person we put out of work, we create at least two others in related professions.

1. DONORS WANTED. Through our ingenious use of auto pollution we are keeping the hospitals full, increasing the traffic in our Doctors' offices and supplying much needed donors for heart, lung and liver transplants.

2. LAWYERS WANTED. We create the need for your greed. Oh, you lucky ambulance chasers. You knew our headrests would not put you out of business. We have just traded last year's whiplash for this year's concussion. In addition, we hope you realize that only two out of every three defective cars we call back actually come in.

3. ATTENTION BREWERS OF AMERICA: BARTENDERS WANTED. Let's face it. If we sometimes scare you, we mean to. Do you think for one minute we couldn't, with all our executive talent and money, engineer a safe and pollution-free car? Of course we could! But then people would not be afraid to drive and they would not need that "one more for the road" in order to calm their nerves. We create a demand for your services, and don't you forget it!

# OFFICE OF UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

## TO: ALL MEDIA

I am sure that a lot of you reading this release are asking yourselves how an agency that provides benefits to the unemployed can help fight unemployment. You know, we often ask ourselves the same question. The answer is, we provide jobs, that's how!

1. SPIES WANTED. Do you really think that we just give away money for free? Do you really believe that just because you work and pay for these benefits over thirty years of your life, you can get them now? Remember: "You don't get something for nothing!" The greater the percentage of unemployment, the greater our need for spies to check on you. When was the last time you heard about a layoff at the C.I.A.?

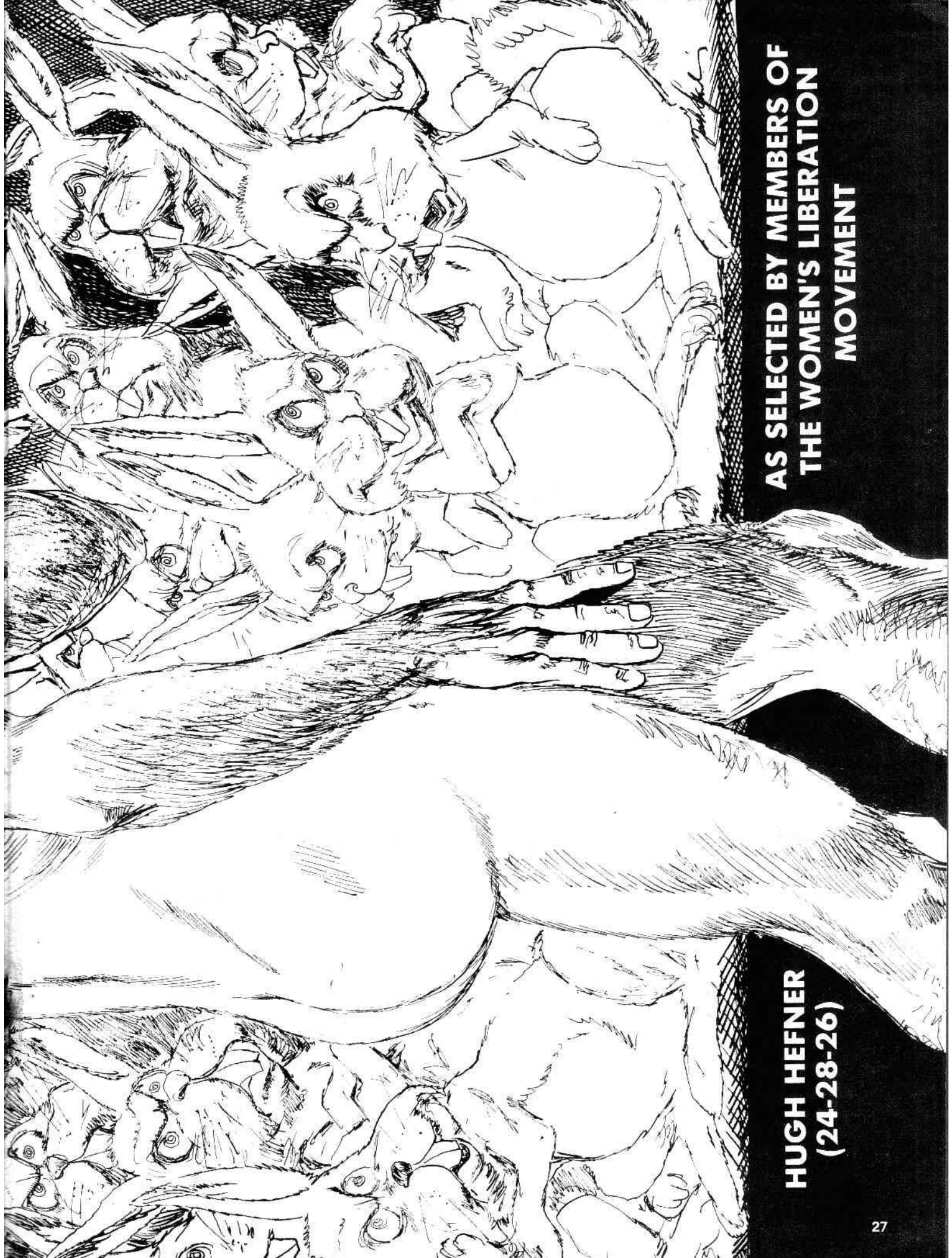
2. FORGERS WANTED. O.K. We give you all that money, but we also insist that you show up once a week to sign for it. We realize that we are being excessive and unreasonable. We do it to force you into hiring a forger who gladly signs for you, at a slight fee, of course. When he is signing, you are frolicking on that inexpensive little island off the coast of Florida.

3. HELP WANTED--ALL FIELDS. Face up to it. To be on the dole is demeaning. Your pride is hurt, your ego is assaulted and your manhood is threatened. How do you cope? You sign your weekly check plus twenty dollars you have to borrow over to your psychiatrist, whose business is up. The bank you borrow from is doing well, and so is the collection agency they send after you. And all those places need Public Relations men who send out nonsense like this. Bless you for my job!

# PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

**A SICK HANG-UP**





**AS SELECTED BY MEMBERS OF  
THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION  
MOVEMENT**

**HUGH HEFNER  
(24-28-26)**

## MOVIE REVIEW

This month we review a movie that really exploded at the box-office. By this we mean, it was a big bomb! It's all about a little fellow who did everything there was to do in the Old West. So, because he over-indulged himself so much, we call him...

# LITTLE PI

Between 1859 and 1879 I was a Cowboy, an hostess, an accountant, a midget, a buffalo, believe as much of this as you want.



TURHAN BEY IS POLLUTED!



# G MAN

Written by FRED WOLFE

Indian, a used-stagecoach salesman, a dancehall and I tried to kiss General Custer. And you can



Like cool it, radicals! This film has nothing to do with a midget cop, but is the life story of a 121-year-old frontiersman who is actually 122, but lied about his age in order to get into the "Swinging Seniles" bars. Dustin Hoffman portrays the leading role of Jack Crabb, the sole survivor of Custer's Last Stand. He escaped by claiming he was a buffalo waiting for a bus. The film, in flashbacks, is done with tongue-in-cheek. Although it would have come out a whole lot better, if it were done with film-in-camera.

Early in the movie, Hoffman and his family do a lot of travelling in a covered wagon. And after you see some of the ugly broads they brought along, you'll know why those wagons were covered! Onward, ever onward, they mercilessly hit the dusty trail—until they start getting complaints from some nutty Ecology group. Dustin's wagontrain invites some slightly looped Cheyenne Indians to join them

in an outdoor barbecue. After killing the men, attacking the women, and taking the settler's scalps, Dustin starts to get suspicious.

But by now, it's too late—too late to make a T.V. Dinner—so Hoffman and the survivors are taken to the Indian village where they are all served hot dogs—namely, two Poodles, three Boxers, and a Doberman Pinscher. It seems roast dog is an Indian delicacy, and after they get through eating, the tribe doesn't burp—they bark! The highlight of the evening's entertainment is when Geronimo teaches his braves to leap off their high horses, crying: "Paratrooper!"

Dustin is eventually adopted by Chief Dan George who almost steals the picture (and everything else lying around loose) in the role of Old Lodge Skins, a Cheyenne chief who attempts to make him a brave. Which is a great trick, as Dustin is pretty chicken



WILLIE MAYS HAS ATHLETES' FOOT!



to begin with. Hoffman learns how to shoot a bow—with a six-gun. He also learns how to ride an Indian horse bareback—although occasionally, he puts on a pair of jockey shorts.

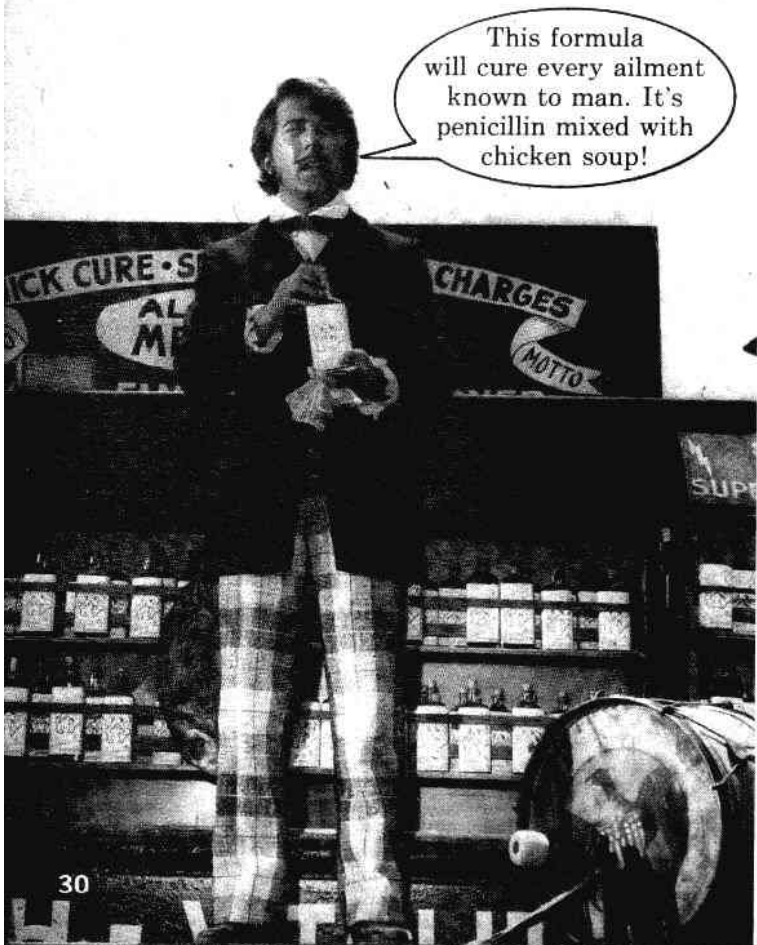
When Dustin decides to cut out from the tribe and rejoin the white-eyes, both he and the audience are in for a big surprise. "Clyde" might have got his but "Bonnie" still lives!—as Faye Dunaway suddenly appears as a preacher's wife (another brilliant piece of Hollywood casting!) However, she's still up to no good. Instead of a forty-five, she uses her body as a weapon—at least *these parts* will never jam on her! She first tries out her deadly equipment on an impressionable and slightly dirty 16-year-old Dustin Hoffman, whom she hand-bathes while singing: "Bringing in the Sheaves"—which strangely enough arouses absolutely no religious feelings in the kid. When her preacher husband finally dies Faye stays in there pitching—and this time she pitches it at Wild Bill Hickok. Now you know the *real reason* why he went wild!

Shortly after this, Hoffman joins forces with Martin Balsam, who plays Allardyce T. Meriweather (with a name like that, you just know he can't be all good) the snake-oil merchant who has a hook for a hand, a missing left ear, one eye and a peg-leg—all of which happened when Meriweather contradicted one of the *gentle* ladies at a Women's Lib convention. And to add insult to injury, his draft-board still took him! However, Hoffman doesn't come off much better attempting to peddle snake-oil in a plain paper bag—as the bag contains live rattlers. This causes a bunch of sore losers to tar and feather him. And he is only saved by the timely intervention of a near-sighted Colonel Sanders, who mistakes the feather-covered Hoffman for a giant chicken, and spends the rest of the sequence trying to pluck him.

At another juncture, Dustin becomes an Indian scout, but spends all his time scouting only female Indians. Whereupon, he receives hell from General Custer, but many thanks from Hugh Hefner who proceeds to stock up inventory for his clientele who go in for Early Americana. As a cavalry scout Hoffman is a loser, getting the Army stirred up every time he cries: "Sioux! Sioux!" After the entire regiment mounts up, they find out that Dustin is really crying: "Sue! Sue!"—from studying law part-time at the mission school of "Finagle, Finagle & Shyster."

One time, Dustin goes prospecting for gold with an old rummy named Charley, and they run into a big *strike*! Unfortunately, it's a mining strike, and months go by before Hoffman's partner finally strikes the Mother Lode—namely, Charlie's mother who was loaded—and she drops her gold teeth into Hoffman's lap from the wallop. True to form, trying his luck as a trapper, Dustin winds up getting himself trapped—into marriage—with a Swedish dish, a regular Smorgas-Broad named Olga. She's blonde, beautiful, and up for a major part in an "X-Rated" movie. However, bad luck continues to stalk our hero, for the stagecoach carrying him and his beloved is attacked by a band of hostile Indians and he ends up losing his wife. Gad!—What a crap game!

So it shouldn't be a total loss, Dustin returns to his original Cheyenne tribe and takes another wife named Sunshine, who lights up his tepee both day and night. By Indian law, he must also *take care of*





a couple of her sisters. Dustin takes this command literally, turning this into the first hippie commune—Indian style. Which makes him and the sisters very happy, and also that part of the audience who happened to have missed “Bob & Ted & Carol & Alice.” Just as things are really swinging, the square Establishment cavalry break up this arrangement—plus the head of every Indian they can find. And Hoffman is forced to flee, leaving his *bags* behind him—his wife and her two sisters.

At one point Dustin becomes a quick-draw artist. No, not a gunman—he draws instant portraits of tourists visiting the reservation. However, he strikes up a friendship with Wild Bill Hickok who gives him shooting lessons, and pretty soon he becomes a crack shot—shooting at every crack he can find. Nevertheless, this skill comes in handy when he becomes a buffalo hunter, knocking off eighteen buffalos in one day. Which upsets the curator of the St. Louis Zoo, since that’s where they were kept.

At one period in his life Dustin becomes a drunk, but is saved from a life of being a lush when his sister Caroline turns up. Caroline was supposed to marry a guy named Frank Delight, but when it came to the actual wedding day he turned into “Chicken Delight”—and had himself delivered out! After many such sad happenings, Caroline finally goes bananas, and her brother takes her to a frontier loony-bin. There she happily awaits the day when she believes she will marry Wild Bill Hickok. Unfortunately, she’s got a long wait on her hands, as someone has shot Wild Bill in the back and the intended groom is a bit too dead to attend the ceremony.

The finale of the picture is Custer’s Last Stand. Here Dustin high-handedly turns down additional support—not extra soldiers, but a truss! Richard Mulligan plays the part of George Armstrong Cus-



ter, but obviously suffers from the delusion that he’s Jack Armstrong, thus losing big to the visiting Indian team. Among them is Sitting Bull, who sat so long he developed hemorrhoids. And Crazy Horse, who everyone laughed at, until he came in first at the Kentucky Derby. But at least, Custer died with a joke on his lips—a very bad joke. When he saw all those Indians coming at him, he says: “Do they have reservations?” Let’s face it, with material like that, he got off easy just being scalped!

CHICAGO 7, AMERICA 0



SICK QUIZ:

# HOW SICK ARE YOU?

TAKE THIS TEST  
AND FIND OUT

Script by Paul Lamont

Art by Tony Tallarico

SUPPORT DEAN MARTINI



Do you become grouchy  
and irritable without appar-  
ent cause?

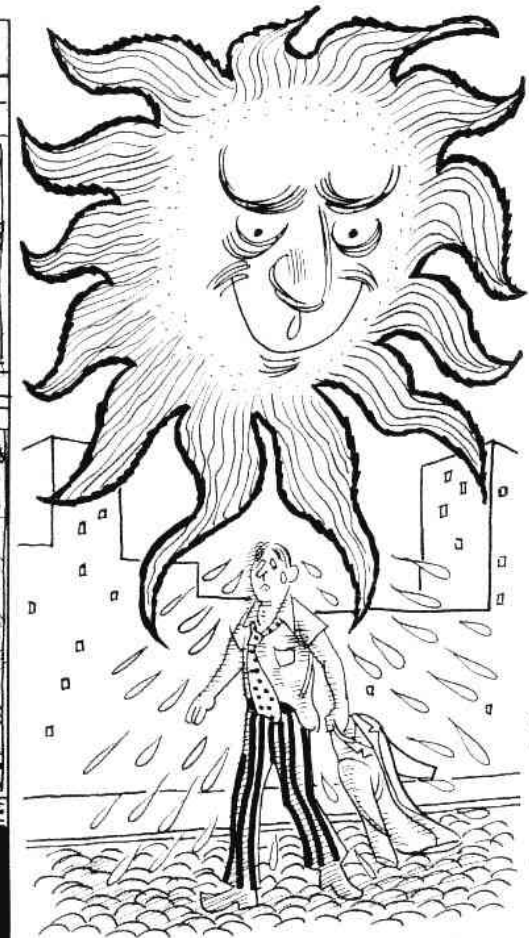
YES() NO()



Do you usually have trouble  
getting off to sleep at night? YES() NO()



Do you get headaches often  
in the course of a normal  
day? YES() NO()



Does your face seem to get  
all flushed without provoca-  
tion? YES() NO()



Do you have no pep or en-  
ergy to do things on your  
day off? YES() NO()





Do you often find yourself with a great loss of appetite? YES() NO()



Does your blood pressure seem to go up suddenly at times?

YES() NO()



Do you sometimes get dizzy spells and then just feel faint?

YES() NO()



Do you get cold chills up and down your spine at odd moments?

YES() NO()



Do you find that many times you are unable to concentrate?

YES() NO()

## - SCORING -

- If you answered all ten of the questions "NO" it shows that you're not sick at all. In fact, you're so healthy you should go see a doctor to find out what's wrong with you!
- If you answered half of all the questions "NO" it shows that you're a little sick. Also that you stand a good chance of getting worse if you don't watch out and see a doctor!
- If you answered none of the questions "NO" it shows that you're too far gone for medical aid. What you need is a strait-jacket as you're really sick for having taken this test at all!

# THE NEW UNABRIDGED SICKTIONARY

created by  
Professor ROBERT HEIT

## A

**ABUNDANCE:** A dance done around a small pastry.  
**ACCOMPANY:** General Motors.  
**ADENOID:** Bothered by addition.  
**ADORE:** A thing with a knob.  
**ADVERB:** A verb used in TV commercials.  
**AFFORD:** A car.

**AGONY:** Disease of the knees.  
**ALAS:** A misspelled girl.  
**AMPHIBIAN:** Am not telling the truth.

**AMPLE:** Having enough PULL.  
**ANNOUCE:** One-sixteenth of a pound.

**ANTIPASTO:** Uncle Pasto's wife.  
**ARCHAIC:** What we can't have and eat it too.

**AROMA:** A city in Italy.  
**ASBESTOS:** Incorrect grammar for "as well as."

**ASPHALT:** Placing the blame on a donkey.

**ATLAS:** Finally!

**ATOM:** History's first bad speller.

**ATTIC:** A noise a clock makes.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY:** Car's life story written by itself.

**AUTOMAT:** Car rug.

**AUTUMN:** A stomach pill taken in the Fall.

## B

**BAA:** Sound made by a sheep.

**BAAAAA:** Sound made by a large sheep.

**BABA:** Sound made by two sheep.

**BABABA:** Sound made by a stuttering sheep.

**BLAH:** Chinese bra.

**BLBBRMTH:** Abbreviation for BLABBERMOUTH.

**BOARDWALK:** (See Park Place.)

**BONBON:** Two bons.

**BONEHEAD:** (See EDITOR.)

**BONFIRE:** Fire used to roast half a bonbon.

**BRIDLE:** A young female bride.

## C

**CABANA:** Crash between a taxi and a banana.

**CABOOSE:** Sounds made by an angry taxi.

**CAMEL:** An animal that can't advertise on TV.

**CANCAN:** The backs of two chorus girls.

**CANNONBALL:** A dance at a church.

**CANTALOUPE:** Not allowed to run off and get married.

**CARBUNCLE:** Bunking into your aunt's husband with your auto.

**CARNATION:** A country of automobiles.

**CASHEW:** Gezundheit!

**CELEBRATE:** Have a party in the basement.

**CENTIPEDE:** A penny-carrying caterpillar.

**CHEAP:** Sound made by an expensive canary.

**CHINCHILLA:** An ice-pack on the lower part of the face.

**CLAUSTROPHOBIA:** Fear of a white-bearded man wearing a red suit.

## F

**CONFIDENTIAL:** Not lett anyone know you have f teeth.

**COUNTERATTACK:** A mugg in a luncheonette.

## D

**DEBATE:** What you use to catch fish with.

**DECEASE:** The oceans.

**DECEIT:** The chair.

**DECODE:** Da stuffed node.

**DECREASE:** The oil.

**DEFEAT:** The lower part of de-body.

**DELIGHT:** Debulb.

**DELIVER:** What Carter's pills are good for.

**DESIGN:** KEEP OFF DEGRASS.

**DESOLATE:** They're so tardy.

**DESPISE:** The espionage agents.

**DIAGNOSIS:** Nostrils shaped like diags.

**DIMETHYLSULFOXIDE:**

A chemical used whenever dimethylsulfoxide is needed.

**DIPLOMA:** The man who fixes pipes.

**DIPLOMACY:** The man who fixes pipes understands.

**DISAPPOINT:** Italian for "this spot."

**DISCLOSE:** As near as this.

**DISMAY:** In the Spring.

**DONGDING:** Sound made by a bell hung backwards.

**DUDE:** Past tense of "do."

## E

**EDIT:** Devoured the thing.

**EEL:** The back of a Cockney's shoe.

**EERIE:** An infant's hearing organ.

**EFFIGY:** 500 bucks.

**ENDEAVOR:** And always.

**ENDOCRINE:** The stopping of tears.

**ENDORSE:** The last finisher at Yonker's raceway.

**EQUALIZE:** Having the same organs of sight.

**EVENT:** He didn't stay.

**INNOCENT:** An inexperienced penny.

**INSINUATE:** An adulterous meal.

**INSOMNIA:** During the warm part of the year.

**INTENSE:** Where boy scouts sleep.

**INVEST:** Not in the East.

**INVITE:** How a bride is dressed.

## J

**JOLLITY:** A happy cup of Lip-ton's.

**JUGHEAD:** Run to the bathroom.

**JUICY?:** Did you notice?

**JULY?:** Didn't you tell the truth?

**JUSTICE:** Only what is present.

## K

**KETCHUP:** Overtake.

**KIDNEY:** A child's leg joint.

**KLUTZ:** Seize; hold on to.

**KOOK:** Make a meal.

**Kyzxyzyl:** A misprint.

## L

**LACKADAISICAL:** To be without a daisical.

**LACKADAY:** To have a six-day week.

**LACTOSE:** To be without the front part of your feet.

**LISP:** To thepeak like thith.

**LLAMA:** A stuttering lama.

**LOBOTOMY:** My feet.

**LOIN:** To study in Brooklyn.

**LOITER:** Cockney for "not now."

**LOLLAPALOOZA:** Someone who has lost their lollapa.

**LUNGE:** The meal between breakfast and supper.

**LYMPH:** To limp and lisp.

## M

**MAFIA:** My anxiety.

**MAGGOT:** Mother has.

**MAHARAJA:** A prince with 4 A's.



**MAHOGANY:** Mother embraces her leg joint.  
**MAINTENANCE:** Most important people in the building.  
**MAJORITY:** Most of the Liptons.  
**MALADY:** A sick song.  
**MALLOW:** A midget mother.  
**MARTIME:** The wedding day.  
**MARSHAL:** Mother will.  
**MASCOT:** Mother has.  
**MASTIFF:** Mother is drunk.  
**MATADOR:** I am near the portal.  
**MAXIMUM:** Max won't talk.  
**MELANCHOLY:** A sad dog.  
**MINIMUM:** Minnie won't talk either.  
**MOISTEN:** Two basketball teams that have been playing in the rain.  
**MULTIMILLIONAIRE:** Someone who has millions of multus.

**N**

**NAPKIN:** A sleeping relative.  
**NAUGHTY:** Having lots of zeros.  
**NICKNAME:** Italian monicker.

**O**

**OASIS:** A female relative who isn't home.  
**OBEDIENT:** Carry out the instructions of uncle's wife.  
**OOZY:** Who is that person?  
**OPTIMUM:** The decision depends on father's wife.  
**ORTHODOX:** Religious surgeons.  
**OSMOSIS:** How is the leader of the ancient Hebrew tribes?  
**OTTER:** Opposite of inner.

**P**

**PAMPAS:** Fathers who spoil their children.  
**PANAMA:** One of mother's kitchen utensils.  
**PANTHEON:** A place to put on trousers.  
**PARADOX:** Two fowls.

**PARANOIA:** Bothered by a talking bird.  
**PARASITE:** Someone who lives in the French capital.  
**PARISH:** How drunks pronounce the French capital.  
**PARTICLE:** Father makes me laugh.  
**PERSECUTE:** Adorable cat sounds.  
**PERVERSE:** Poems about cats.  
**PHILOSOPHER:** Take up all the space on a couch.  
**PICADOR:** Choose a portal.  
**PICNIC:** Select Santa Claus.  
**PILGRIM:** Unhappy from too many aspirins.  
**PIONEER:** Pastry on a hearing organ.  
**PLEASANT:** A nice insect.  
**POPULATE:** Father, you're tardy.  
**POTASSIUM:** A marijuana museum.  
**POTENT:** A cheap wigwam.  
**PROPAGANDA:** A prudish male goose.  
**PROPANE:** An injury to a professional.  
**PROPHECY:** Teacher notices.  
**PROPHET:** Teacher had dinner.  
**PROVOKE:** Joe Namath's alarm went off.  
**PRUDENCE:** A waltz for narrow-minded people.  
**PSYCHIATRY:** A sick oak.  
**PSYCHOLOGY:** A sick university.  
**PSYCHOPATH:** A sick road.  
**PUMPERNICKEL:** Blow up a five-cent piece.  
**PYROMANIA:** An uncontrollable impulse to bake.

**Q**

**QUADRANGLE:** An argument among four children born at the same time.  
**QUARTERMASTER:** The change-giver at the Automat.  
**QUININE:** A tearful baseball team.

**R**

**RABID:** A rabbit with a headcold.  
**RADIO:** A TV set without a screen.  
**RAMPAGE:** A wild part of a book.  
**RAMSHACKLE:** Handcuff a goat.  
**RESTITUTE:** Stop blowing your horn.  
**ROTTEN:** Two lousy basketball teams.  
**RUBBLE:** A short massage.

**S**

**SALIVA:** It'sa breathing!  
**SANCTIMONY:** Dropped the cash into the river.  
**SANCTITY:** What they did at the Boston Tea Party.  
**SANCTUM:** Dropped the stomach tablet into the ocean.  
**SARONG:** It'sa not right.  
**SCHOLASTIC:** A rubberband in a university.  
**SCINTILLATE:** Do evil until nightfall.  
**SEMAPHORE:** A few are older than three.  
**SEMICOLON:** Samuel is on the phone.  
**SEMINATION:** Notice my country.

**SEMISKILLED:** Samuel has been murdered.  
**SERIALIZE:** Poor vision caused by eating too many Cornflakes.  
**SIMULATE:** It appears you're tardy.  
**SMOTHER:** It's Ma.  
**SOMATIC:** What a top floor!  
**SOPHOMORE:** To continue feeling pain.  
**SOVIET:** Thus we had dinner.  
**STABILIZE:** A horse's vision.  
**STATUE:** Does that happen to be you?  
**STATUS:** Does that happen to be you and I?  
**STATUTORY:** Is that you, you Britisher?

**STOIC:** A bird that delivers Southern babies.  
**STRAIGHTEN:** Two upright basketball teams.  
**SUPERANNUATE:** You and the janitor had dinner together.  
**SUPERFLUOUS:** The janitor took us up in his plane.  
**SUPERINCUMBENT:** The janitor's salary is not straight.  
**SUPERSTITIOUS:** The janitor's plates.  
**SUPERVISE:** The janitor's a smart man.  
**SUPPOSE:** Have your picture taken at dinner.  
**SURLY:** It's not late.  
**SYLLABLE:** A foolish male cow.  
**SYMMETRY:** Notice my oak.  
**SYNCOPATE:** The evil policeman had dinner.  
**SYNDICATE:** The evil detective had dinner with him.

**T**

**TANGENT:** A man just back from Miami.  
**TENACIOUS:** Two poker hands held by two crooked drunks.  
**TESTIMONY:** Drop the quarter and see if it clinks.  
**THAW:** Mad'th hell.  
**THREATEN:** Two frightening basketball teams.  
**TIGHTEN:** Two drunk basketball teams.  
**TOLERANT:** Uncle's bigger wife.  
**TRUANT:** Uncle's real wife.  
**TRUCKLE:** A baby truck.  
**TRUCULENT:** The vehicle borrowed from you.  
**TWEEZER:** What it takes to make a crowd.  
**TWINGE:** Two offspring.

**U**

**UDDER:** To utter through a stuffed nose.  
**UNAWARE:** What you're wearing beneath your pants.

**UNCLEAN:** Aunt's skinny husband.  
**UNDERRATE:** Seven.

**V**

**VACANCY:** Arise and take a look.  
**VANITY:** A truckload of Lipton's.  
**VICE VERSA:** Sin is getting out of hand.  
**VIGOR:** A person who makes headpieces.

**W**

**WEEDY:** A small cornflake.  
**WIGGLE:** A baby's toupee.

**X**

**XPHOBIA:** Fear of words beginning in X.  
**XPHOBIAPHOBIA:** Fear of people afraid of words beginning in X.  
**XPHOBIAPHOBIAXIX:** A serum to prevent Xphobiaphobia.

**Y**

**YO:** A broken yo-yo.  
**YOICKS:** Stupid Swedes from Brooklyn.  
**YOKEL:** The yellow part of an egg.

**Z**

**ZEPHYR:** Up to now.  
**ZINC OXIDE:** Drown outdoors.  
**ZINNIA:** I'll be seeing you.  
**ZITHER:** Female relation.  
**ZZ:** Sound made by sleeping person.  
**ZZZZZZZZ:** Sound made by sleeping hippopotamus.  
**ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ:** Sound made by reader of this Sick-tionary.

Today a lot of people must have a second job in order to survive. These are called "moonlighting jobs" and most people take whatever they can get. Very often the type of work the moonlighter does in his second job doesn't quite fit in with his regular job. Sometimes they're in direct opposition. To show you what we mean, here are...

# MOONLIGHTING JOBS

**REGULAR JOB: Poverty Worker**



GOLIATH FELL FOR A NICE JEWISH BOY!

**MOONLIGHTING JOB: Diamond Cutter**



**REGULAR JOB: Marriage Counselor**



**MOONLIGHTING JOB: Pornography Sales**



**REGULAR JOB: House Wrecker**



**MOONLIGHTING JOB: House Salesman**





# THAT DON'T MATCH THE REGULAR JOBS

REGULAR JOB: Police Sergeant



MOONLIGHTING JOB: Flower Arranger



REGULAR JOB: Undertaking Embalmer



MOONLIGHTING JOB: Circus Clown



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE RELIEVED BRITISH SOLDIERS!

REGULAR JOB: College Teacher



# SICK PREVIEWS: THE NEW GROUPS



MAMA CASS' EX-HUSBAND IS FAT-REEN

This is a Himalayan group and is led by a Sherpa mountain guide. The group recently climbed the Alps, Mt. Washington and Wilt Chamberlain. Unfortunately they returned unscathed. The dog pictured is their mascot. He is looking for "His Master's Vice."





## The BROTHERLESS MOTHERLESS

This group featuring mallets, steam whistles and the viola bastardas, records for the Sibling label. They are trying to hire Little Orphan Annie as vocalist, but Daddy Warbucks doesn't want her to drop out of obedience school.

## The OUTBOUND WILAWS



These people are all related to each other and they deserve it. They get together every Thanksgiving to eat and play their music. It was so bad the turkey got up and left. They are known alternately as "The Mamas and Papas Plus Three" or as "that rotten group."

EVER TRY TO SING THE GREAT SONGS FROM THE VIETNAM WAR?



# The ORGANIC REMAINS



This ensemble is composed of the remains of all the other group members—after they freak out. Whoever's turned-on and shows up, gets to blow. No wonder this group is high on the charts—as well as everywhere else!

The PROFESSOR



LUTHER BUEFBANK WAS A FLOWER CHILD!

# You Know You're Over The Hill When...

...at the orgy they send you  
out for coffee!

...you chase after girls but  
can't remember why!

...your idea of going steady is  
your daily shot of prune juice!

...you go to topless restau-  
rants for the food!

...you're not curious enough  
to see "I Am Curious, Yellow!"

...your idea of a wild sound is  
listening to the fizz of your  
Alka-Seltzer!

...the only thing that gives  
you a lift is your truss!

...you invite a girl up to your  
apartment to clean it!

...taking a "trip" means a  
taxi ride to your orthopedist!

...your blood gets so tired  
you can't uncork your bottle  
of Geritol!

...your favorite reading is the  
obituary column!

...you find yourself taking  
short naps on an easy chair  
during New Year's Eve par-  
ties!

...your girl-friends start  
wearing surgical panty-hose!

...your secretary has to give  
you a head start before you  
chase her around the desk!

...you go to a motel with your  
own wife!

...you start drag-racing with  
the guy in the next wheelchair!

...you drive to a motel with  
a girl and spend four hours  
just getting out of the car!

...your paunch gets so big  
you have to let out the shower  
curtain!

...you can't get up enough  
breath to whistle at a pretty  
girl!

...rain drops keep falling on  
your head because of a crease  
in your bald spot!

...the only thing that sets  
your heart racing is your Pace-  
maker!

...you get high on Lawrence  
Welk recordings!

...your toupee starts turning  
gray!

...the only "dates" you have  
got pits in the middle!



WRITTEN By FRED WOLFE

We all know that baseball players have their Hall of Fame. But what of baseball fans—those millions of unsung heroes who attend ball games annually? Surely they've set a few records of their own, and deserve some kind of recognition. So, like, why not a...

# HALL OF FAM



**Felix Smedley Veree, III.**  
**MOST TIMES YELLED "KILL THE UMP!"**  
 DURING A DOUBLE HEADER  
 (596 TIMES—DUE TO FACT THE UMP WAS HIS WIFE'S LOVER!)



**Quincy Furd Watta, Mass.**  
**MOST FOOD AND DRINK CONSUMED**  
 DURING A SINGLE INNING  
 (823 FRANKS, 246 SODAS, 14 SCORECARDS AND A BAT BOY!)



**Casper Klinemine Oola, La.**  
**MOST TIMES WAVED AT TV CAMERA**  
 DURING A 7TH INNING STRETCH  
 (924 TIMES—UNTIL IT WAS LEARNED HE WAS THE TV DIRECTOR!)



**Rhoda Finster Dumm, Me.**  
**MOST STUPID QUESTIONS ASKED**  
 DURING A SINGLE GAME  
 (8,642 TIMES—LAST ONE BEING "YOU WOULDN'T DARE STRIKE ME!?")

ORPHAN ANNIE IS OUT OF SIGHT!

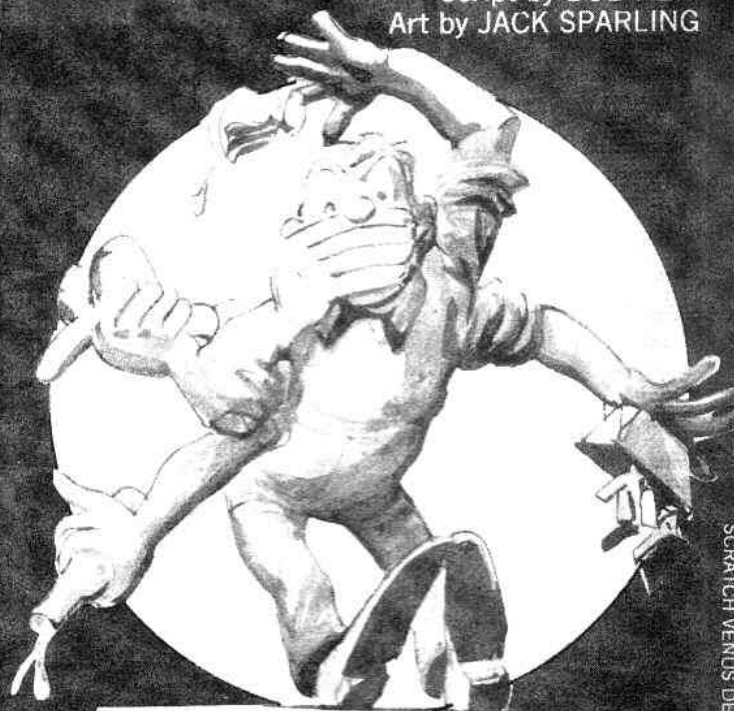


# E FOR BASEBALL FANS

Script by BOB HEIT  
Art by JACK SPARLING



**Horace Crudd  
Mishu Ga.**  
**MOST ITEMS THROWN DOWN ON FIELD**  
DURING A LOSING GAME  
(68 MOLOTOV COCKTAILS, 49 BOTTLES,  
7 ROCKS AND HIS 3 KIDS!)



**Hans Blodgett  
Dingdong, Del.**  
**MOST SINGLE ERRORS COMMITTED**  
DURING AN OVERTIME GAME  
PILLING DRINKS, DROPPING FRANKS  
AND FALLING FROM STANDS TWICE)



**Serge Umglick  
Dirtie, Wash.**  
**MOST TIMES LEAPED TO FEET**  
AFTER A HOME RUN  
(931 TIMES—ALL OF IT DUE TO  
A BLADDER CONDITION!)



**Denzil Grovis  
Omypa, Pa.**  
**MOST TIMES EJECTED FROM PARK**  
DURING AN ENTIRE SEASON  
(522 TIMES—REMARKABLE CONSIDERING  
HE ONLY ATTENDED 521 GAMES!)

SCRATCH VENUS DE MILOS BACK AND SHE'LL FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE!

# SICK CALL

These hospital pot-shots are visual proof that *doctors* are among the funniest people in the world. If you don't believe us, just phone one late at night and tell him you've got a hundred and four fever, trouble in breathing, dizzy spells, palsy, and you think your heart just stopped. And he'll usually tell you to take an aspirin, call him in the morning, and let him know if anything really serious develops.

But, there is something about which doctors are very serious. Something that they hold sacred. Something about which they absolutely refuse to tolerate any nonsense—the bill they send you! And let's not forget the nurses. Those angels of mercy who stroke your forehead, cuddle you like a wife, and kiss you goodnight. This they do for the *doctors*—not the patients.

by Fred Wolfe

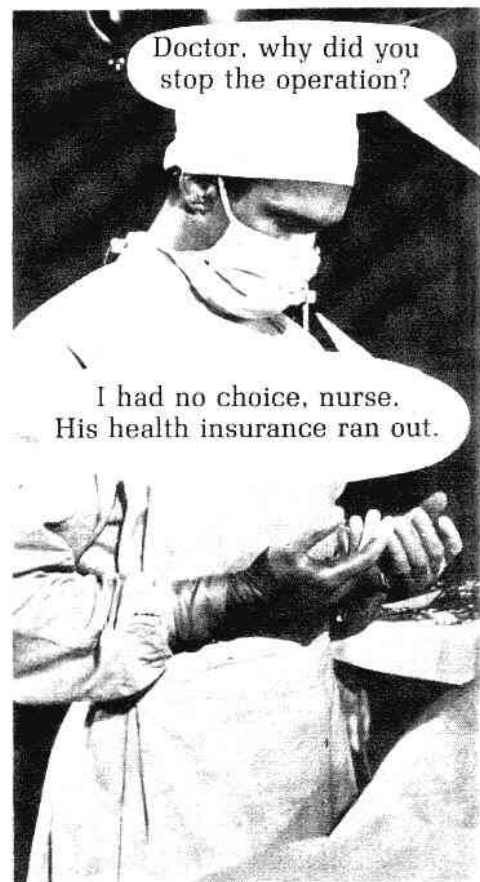


He was at death's door this morning. I wonder what made him recover?



Doctor, why did you stop the operation?

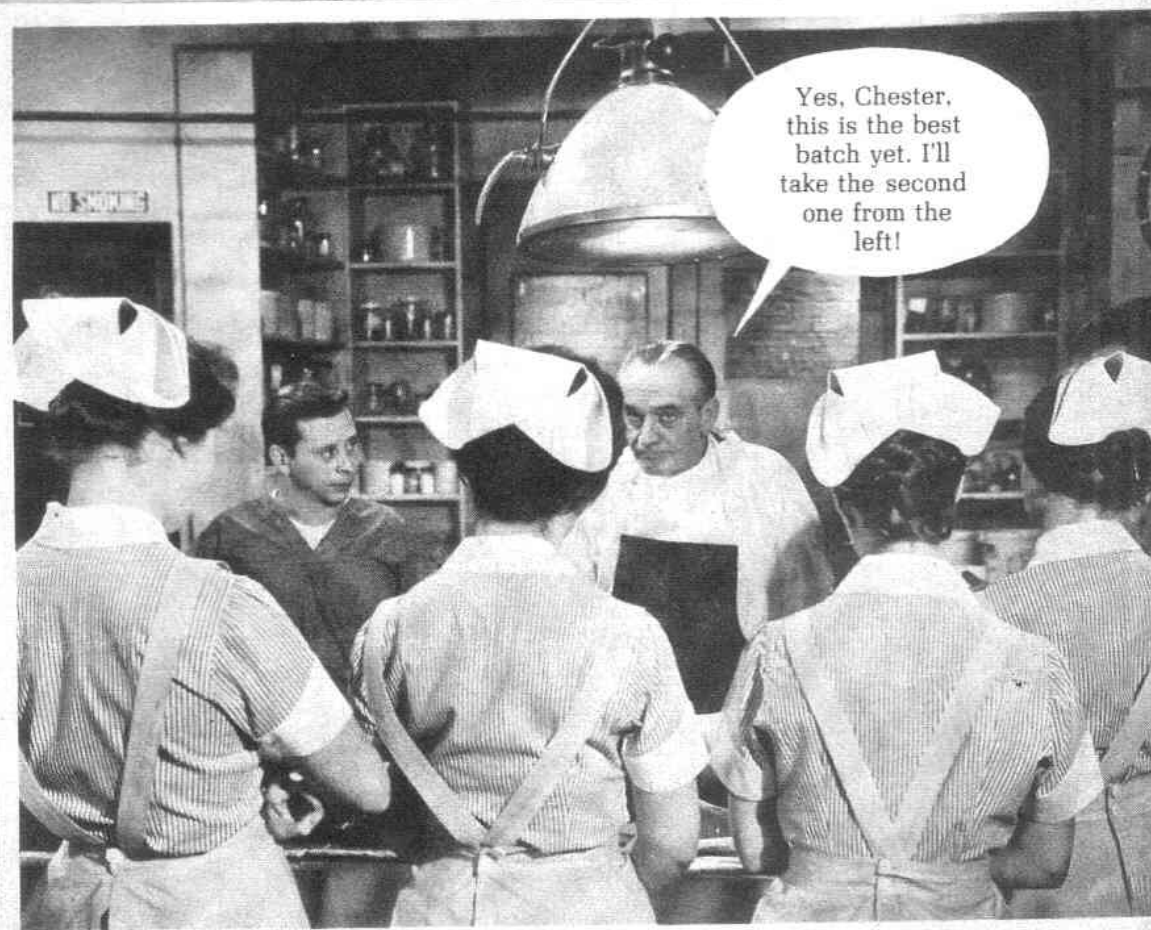
I had no choice, nurse. His health insurance ran out.







WILT CHAMBERLAIN SCORED 16 TIMES LAST NIGHT!



# SICK AS IT SEEMS



**JULIUS  
CAESAR**  
WAS  
**TURNED-ON**  
BY  
**BRUTUS!**

THE STAB  
WOUNDS HE  
DIED OF WERE  
REALLY  
HYPODERMIC  
NEEDLES!

LANGSTON

**VASCO DA GAMA**

WAS NOT HIS REAL NAME!  
...NOR WAS HE SPANISH  
...OR EVEN AN EXPLORER!

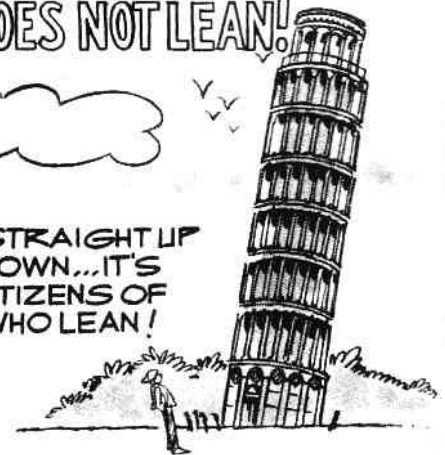
(ACTUALLY HE WAS  
BERNARD MELMAN, AN  
ACCOUNTANT FROM THE  
BRONX, WHO WANTED TO  
IMPRESS A SCHOOLTEACHER  
WHILE VACATIONING IN MADRID.)



**THE LEANING TOWER  
OF PISA DOES NOT LEAN!**



IT IS STRAIGHT UP  
AND DOWN...IT'S  
THE CITIZENS OF  
PISA WHO LEAN!



**HENRY HUDSON**  
DID NOT DISCOVER  
THE  
**HUDSON**  
**RIVER!**

HE DISCOVERED  
THE MISSISSIPPI  
RIVER...BUT THAT  
ALREADY HAD A  
NAME!



**SITTING BULL HAD  
HEMORRHOIDS!**  
(WHICH MADE IT DIFFICULT FOR HIM  
TO STAND UP!)



## A SICK REPORT

Communal living is becoming more and more popular in our society. Yesterday's hippie, who used to vegetate in the filthy city, is now back-to-nature in the healthy surroundings of the outdoor farm. SICK recently

ly made a study of the profound changes in the hippie way of life because of this migration. Here then, are the results of our report, which we call...

# A LOOK AT HIPPIE COMMUNES

Script by Paul Laikin

Art by John Costanza

PENICILLIN IS ALL MOULDY!

## NOTE STARTLING CHANGES IN HIPPIE WAY OF LIFE

THE OLD HIPPIE SCENE  
ON A DIRTY CITY STREET



THE NEW HIPPIE SCENE  
ON A CLEAN COMMUNAL FARM



# DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CITY AND COMMUNAL LIFE IS ENORMOUS



IN THE CITY apartments were too small and there was very little room for parties

BLOW IN VAN GOGH'S EAR AND IT'LL GO TO HIS HEAD!



ON COMMUNES the hippie swingers take full advantage of the ample space provided



IN THE CITY the noise was so intense that you found it impossible to meditate



ON COMMUNES it is so peaceful and quiet that you can't help but sit and think

SHAME ON THE NAKED TRUTH!



IN THE CITY there was always the feeling of being closed-in and restricted



ON COMMUNES you are able to move around freely wherever you want to wander



# COMMUNAL LIFE HAS A GREAT MANY SOCIAL ADVANTAGES

IF LEE REMICK MAIRIED LEE MARVIN SHE'D BE LEE MARVIN!



A definite advantage over city living is the elimination of the garbage problem



There is also no problem of water shortage since nobody ever takes a shower



Healthier minds and bodies will result as there is none of the city air pollution



Newer resources and commodities will arise as there is tremendous room to experiment



Here we see some of the basic crops planted by hippies, as they get close to the soil



Here we see, as a result of this earthy living, some have gotten even closer to the soil

# WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS IN STORE FOR COMMUNAL LIFE



COMMUNAL LIFE will become so popular that everybody else will soon adopt it



THE RESULT will be that city-type regulations will have to be installed



THIS WILL END in hippies returning to big city living and starting all over again



We  
gotta dump  
Agnew!





**SPECIAL BONUS CUTOUTS**

Be different . . . be daring . . . be the first in your neighborhood to wear . . .

# SQUARE BUTTONS

**I'M  
NOT THAT  
KIND OF  
A GIRL**

**BERT  
PARKS  
FAN  
CLUB**

**LET'S  
CUT  
A RUG**

**I'M  
HEP  
!**

**I  
VACATIONED  
IN THE  
BRONX**

**CELEBRATE  
ARBOR  
DAY**

**HI,  
CUTIE  
!**

**I LOVE  
MY  
WIFE  
BUT OH, YOU KID!**

**I READ  
SICK**